Commentary

VOLUME NINETY-ONE • NUMBER FOUR • APRIL 1991

Iraq's German Connection
Michael Ledeen

The Ingathering
Edward Norden

A Story
Flossie Lewis

The Right to Misquote
Gertrude Himmelfarb

In Israel, With Scuds and Patriots
Norman Podhoretz

The Temple Mount
Mike Wallace, Teddy Kollek, David Bar-Illan & Others

Retirement Blues
Morris Freedman

Musical Competitions
Samuel Lipman

Books in Review
George Russell
Peter L. Berger
David G. Roskies
Leon Aron

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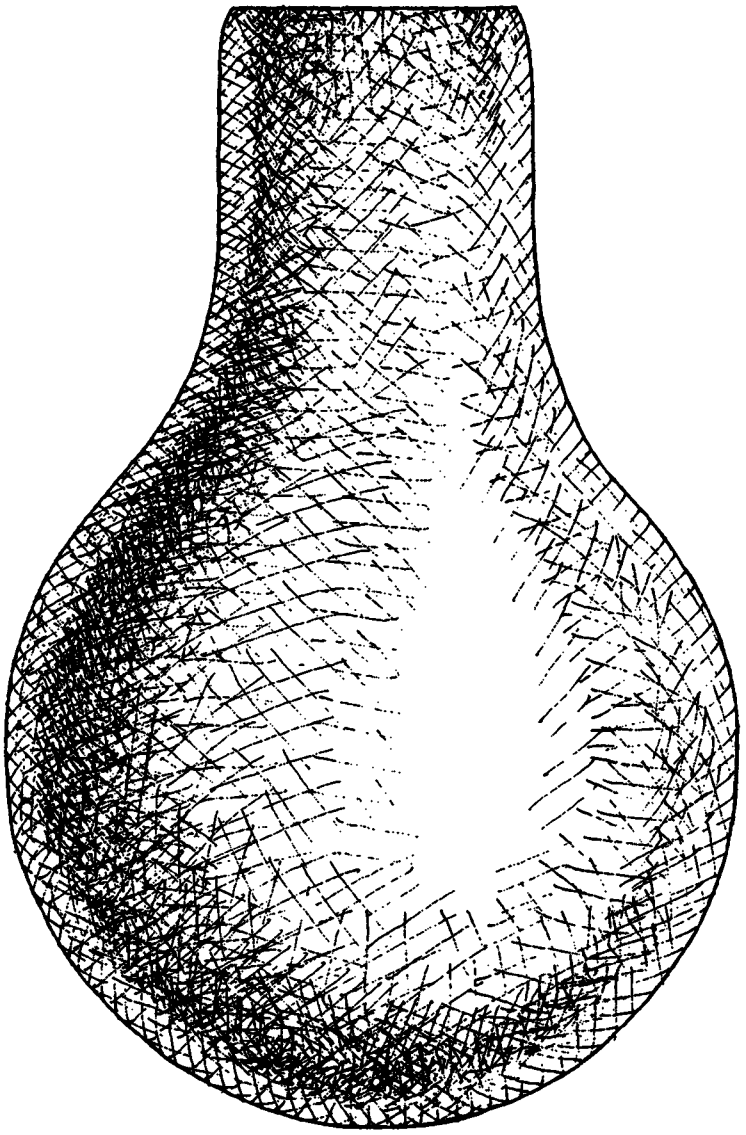

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Commentary

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Letters from Readers

The Temple Mount

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

On no occasion has David Bar-Illan bothered to contact us about the charges he has made in his various articles about our report on the Temple Mount killings ["*60 Minutes* & the Temple Mount," February]. This from an individual who takes us to task for a failure of journalistic integrity.

The main point we made in our report was: the killing of at least 17 Palestinians that occurred on October 8, 1990 on the Temple Mount was not—as the Israeli government was to claim—the result of an unprovoked attack by a huge mob of rock-throwing Palestinians against thousands of Jewish worshippers at the Western Wall, nor were the Palestinians acting on behalf of Saddam Hussein. Instead, the deaths were a product of panic on the part of Israeli police, plus years of mutual fear and distrust between Palestinians and Jews.

Mr. Bar-Illan does his best to cloud the issue with many spurious charges; few of them deal with the factual points we raised. None of them presents any solid evidence to refute our conclusions.

He charges us with presenting a press conference given by Deputy Foreign Minister Binyamin Netanyahu "on the day of the riot" and with not interviewing him ourselves. First of all, that statement by Netanyahu was made a week after the killings. Second, we had no reason to suspect that Mr. Netanyahu would have changed his views in the interim. To the contrary, Israeli representatives to the UN continued to claim that Saddam Hussein was behind the whole affair more than a month after the killings occurred.

Mr. Bar-Illan charges us with not having "asked a single Israeli to answer the many charges made by the Arabs in the show." That is simply not so. We repeatedly asked the Government Information Office and the police spokesman for interviews with anyone who had direct knowledge of the events. Particularly, we were trying to talk with members of the Zamir Commission, or the police or military who were involved in the action. The members of the Zamir Commission declined to talk; the police declined as well, citing an ongoing inquest. But in fact, some of the police had given earlier interviews to the press.

Mr. Bar-Illan continues to insist that we misquoted Teddy Kollek. He claims that we "spliced bits of Kollek" in an "underhanded" manner. Mr. Bar-Illan makes these charges without the benefit of the transcript of the Kollek interview. He did not contact us first to find out if his charges were true. That is not Mr. Bar-Illan's journalistic style.

For instance, Mr. Bar-Illan charges specifically that the following Kollek-Wallace exchange was not as reported:

> *Wallace*: The Israeli government tried to persuade the world that this was a riot, an unprovoked riot on the part of the Palestinians.
>
> *Kollek*: We have in the government . . . that is, an ideological government, and I think whenever you have ideological governments you run into trouble.

Mr. Bar-Illan says that this Kollek reply was "not given as an answer to his [Wallace's] question. It was part of a long exchange during the interview in which Kollek, as is his wont, expressed his blunt opinion of the government."

The fact is that that exchange is exactly as reported in our broadcast. Indeed, Mr. Kollek went on to add the following:

> I think wherever you have ideological governments you run into trouble . . . and so do we. I wish we would have a more pragmatic government. Many things would have been different. But look, we have come back after 2,000 years and we haven't learned yet a great deal of statecraft. You know it takes time.

As for Mr. Bar-Illan's interpretation of the other portions of the Kollek interview we presented, the Mayor made no indication whatsoever, anywhere in the interview, that he was referring to the Israeli police shooting *after* they had been chased away from the Temple Mount by the mob. None whatsoever. And we were not relying on Mayor Kollek for that chronology. We interviewed several eyewitnesses to the shootings, who had been on the Temple Mount, or observing it. The conclusion that the first fatal

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shootings occurred *prior* to the Israeli police being forced from the Mount was also reached by the London *Sunday Times*, in its own investigation.

As to whether or not the Palestinians had, as they saw it, a legitimate reason to gather on the Temple Mount that day, in a portion of the interview never used, Mayor Kollek acknowledged that the Palestinians still feared that the radical Temple Mount Faithful group would try to come up to the Mount despite the Israeli court's decision to bar them:

> "They had an exaggerated fear . . . ," said Mayor Kollek. "People who feel themselves occupied naturally have an exaggerated opinion of what's happening on the other side."

Mr. Bar-Illan also refers to a videotape which was "offered to Mike Wallace in the El Al King David Lounge." The tape apparently "shows the 15-minute barrage," and shows that there were "no policemen present anywhere near the stones' trajectory." This, we take it, is the same tape referred to in Mr. Bar-Illan's diatribes in the Jerusalem *Post*, which contained "clear evidence that during the 15-minute rock barrage on the worshippers in the Plaza, not a single policeman was on the Wall."

In a letter sent to Mr. Bar-Illan on January 7, 1991, producer Barry Lando wrote: "If you have such a videotape, we would be delighted if you would send us a copy. I wager a dinner at whatever Jerusalem restaurant you choose, that such a tape does not exist." Lando has yet to receive a reply. Which is interesting, since that same tape would also show whether or not Jewish worshippers were being pelted with rocks during the barrage.

As proof of his journalistic integrity, we ask Mr. Bar-Illan to come up with the tape that he describes. This is simply to repeat the same challenge made to him in a memo sent him last December.

We *do* have tapes which show policemen present near the stones' trajectories. Indeed, they show very clearly that the police in question were being targeted by the stone throwers, and we broadcast a segment of such a tape in our piece. Perhaps Mr. Bar-Illan has never bothered actually to view our report.

In his vituperative conclusion, Mr. Bar-Illan charges us with having given "an American stamp of approval to an Islamic fundamentalist blood libel."

We suggest he read articles from the London *Sunday Times* and the Chicago *Tribune*, which also strongly contest the official Israeli version of events. Not, mind you, that he will find their reportage any more palatable than ours. He is the captive of misapprehensions about the methods and the motives of any and all reporters who fail to follow the line he sets down. A difference of opinion is fair game, but to republish his *ad-hominem* slanders is beneath the standard of COMMENTARY.

After the flurry raised by our report, the Chicago *Tribune* set out itself to look into the Temple Mount killings. Its report, published toward the end of December, came to virtually the same conclusion as we did:

> Many of the statements Netanyahu and others made were unfounded. And the version of events that he and others described was misleading, exaggerated, or utterly false.

Timothy McNulty, who wrote

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the article, examined one Israeli allegation after another and demolished the government's official position:

> They condoned the actions of Israeli police, contending that thousands of innocent Jewish worshippers were in mortal danger. That was not true. Their explanations also served to obscure and shifted the focus away from the fact that at least 17 unarmed people were killed and as many as 150 people were wounded.
>
> Israeli reports claimed justification for the shootings because the Palestinians were armed with knives, chains, and even swords. No such weapons were ever discovered, according to police files.

As for the issue of whether or not any Jewish worshippers were seriously injured at the Wall, McNulty quotes an Israeli attorney involved in the subsequent inquest to the effect that "None have come forward (in the coroner's inquest) to say they were hit and none were injured enough to be hospitalized." About 20 police were hit by stones. (We showed, by the way, in our report, a policeman being led away for medical treatment.)

In a phone conversation last December, we asked Mr. Bar-Illan if the Jerusalem *Post* had itself investigated the Temple Mount affair. Mr. Bar-Illan replied that, unfortunately, the paper did not have the resources, or the staff, or the time, to embark on such an undertaking.

Interestingly enough, they did have the resources, and Mr. Bar-Illan did have the time, to write three lengthy articles for the *Post*—and one for COMMENTARY—about our report.

Most of us know that the Jerusalem *Post*, which used to be an excellent source of information on what occurs in Israel, no longer is. Articles like Mr. Bar-Illan's explain why.

MIKE WALLACE
Correspondent
BARRY LANDO
Producer

CBS News
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

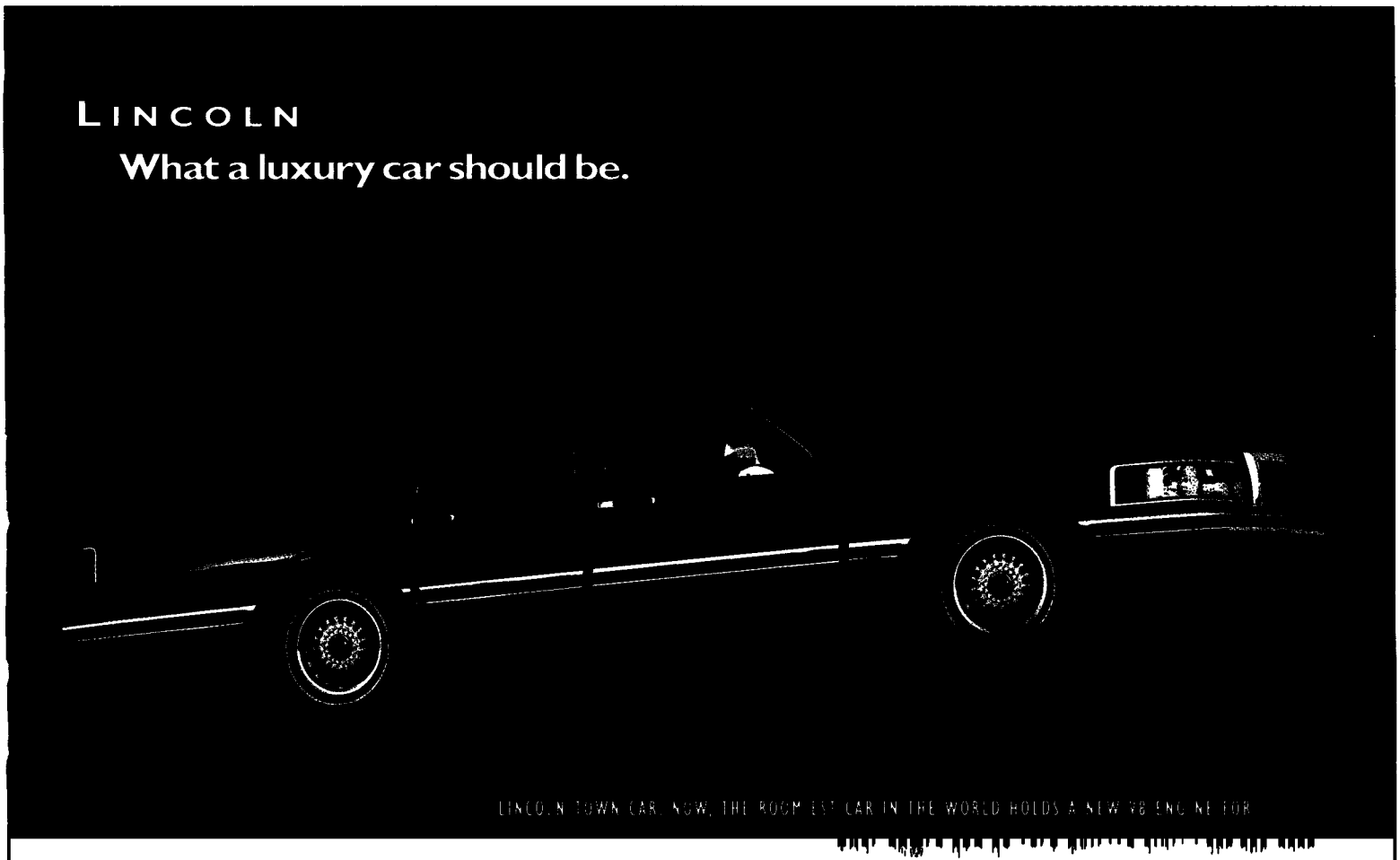
"*60 Minutes* & the Temple Mount" by David Bar-Illan was worse than disappointing. . . . I look to COMMENTARY for thoughtful discussions of issues characterized by accuracy and reasoned interpretation of the facts. I may disagree with an author's interpretation, but seldom fail to respect the integrity and appropriateness of the presentation. With Mr. Bar-Illan's article, I soon discovered I was in the unusual position of agreeing in general with the author's interpretation but deploring the presentation, the outraged tone, the overwhelmingly *ad-hominem* prosecutorial emphasis of the article, the gratuitous relating of events unrelated to the Temple Mount incident from the author's store of past grievances. . . .

The intelligent but uninformed observer would be likely to give a higher "truth" rating to Mr. Wallace's deceitful Temple Mount program than to Mr. Bar-Illan's unfortunate diatribe. Those who employ the methods of yellow journalism discredit the causes they set out to defend. . . .

CHARLES R. KELLEY
Vancouver, Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

After Mike Wallace's report of the events on the Temple Mount was broadcast on CBS's "*60 Min-*



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utes," I wrote a note of protest which was aired the following week. I stand by what I wrote then:

> What happened on October 8 was a tragically violent chain of mutual provocations and overreactions. I regret that Mike Wallace deliberately used me to build the credibility of a series of partial truths he presented as final judgment. The situation is delicate enough; it is not served by editing the truth and rushing to assign blame.

Beyond the issue of how accurately the program portrayed what happened on that fateful morning, there is a larger point which was not made by Wallace or any other journalist whose reports I have read. I refer here to the historical context of the events on the Temple Mount which neither explains nor excuses what happened on October 8, but counterpoises an aberration with a policy respected for 23 years.

In June 1967, after an unprovoked war, a victorious army handed its government the greatest prize the Jewish people could dream of: "The Temple Mount is in our hands." This is Zion itself, the core of 2,000 years of longing to return. Yet the Israeli government, out of respect for the shrines of another faith that had been in place for 1,200 years, decided not only to leave the mosques untouched, but also to leave the administration of the site in the hands of Muslim religious authorities. I do not know of any precedent in history for such a gesture.

Certainly there is no precedent in Jerusalem's history. When the Crusaders came, they changed mosques into churches. Saladdin and his followers did just the opposite. While Jordan occupied Jerusalem's walled city (1948-67), 58 synagogues were destroyed. Nor were Jews allowed to pray at the Western Wall, the one remnant of the Temple still extant, despite armistice agreements guaranteeing that privilege. Traditionally every new ruler here has destroyed the monuments of his predecessor's rule. Israel's policy on archeology—preserving the remains of all periods and all peoples in Jerusalem's history—like our policy regarding the Temple Mount, is a sign of a very different attitude on our part.

Some of the policies and programs of various Israeli governments have had grave faults which I have not hesitated to criticize, as David Bar-Illan rightly noted, but I do not think our virtues should be taken for granted.

TEDDY KOLLEK
Office of the Mayor
Jerusalem, Israel

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Allow me to add my own applause to that of many of your readers who are pleased with your publication of "*60 Minutes* & the Temple Mount" by David Bar-Illan.

SIMON H. RIFKIND
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Israel was not the only small state to be the victim of *60 Minutes*. In Rhode Island we are still nursing our wounds from a Wallace-Hewitt-Lando hatchet job. Even though we knew the record of that program in dealing with Jewish interests, we were not prepared for the distortions and hostility *60 Minutes* focused on a Jewish candidate and Jewish political activity during the 1988 campaign for the U.S. Senate in Rhode Island.

Two-term Lieutenant Governor of Rhode Island Richard Licht was the Democratic candidate, opposing incumbent Republican junior Senator, John Chafee, who had served since 1976. Richard Licht, graduate of Harvard and its law school, had served in the Rhode Island Senate for ten years before becoming Lieutenant Governor. He had a spotless reputation and, in addition, with his work for Israel Bonds and the Young Leadership Division of the United Jewish Appeal, he had developed a national constituency in the North American Jewish community.

It was as natural for American Jews to support forty-year-old Richard Licht as one of their "best and brightest" as it was for American Greeks to support Michael Dukakis and Paul Sarbanes or for Italian Americans to support Mario Cuomo. Yet *60 Minutes* pretended to view the Licht campaign as a sinister plot of the "pro-Israel lobby" to unseat Senator Chafee.

To Senator Chafee's credit, he did not cooperate with *60 Minutes*'s effort to delegitimize the Licht campaign. He refused to respond to the loaded questions of the star of the show. That did not stop Mike Wallace from conjuring up a nationwide conspiracy to subvert the American electoral process.

To dramatize the malign influence of Jews in American politics, the program went on to allege that pro-Israel political action committees (PAC's) had defeated Senator Walter Huddleston in the 1984 Kentucky Senate race. The records of the Federal Election Commission (FEC) show that, on the contrary, several pro-Israel PAC's in fact contributed to Huddleston, while the one pro-Israel PAC that contributed to his opponent, Mitch McConnell, donated $300. The *60 Minutes* program also claimed that the pro-Israel community worked to defeat Congressman Pete McCloskey of California in his run for the U.S. Senate in 1982. That was another lie. In fact, McCloskey resigned from his seat in the House in order to run for the Republican senatorial nomination in a three-way primary, in which he lost. Examination of the 1982 FEC records fails to reveal any contribution to McCloskey's primary opponents by any PAC that could be described as "pro-Israel." . . .

Out of all the 1988 races for the United States Congress, Wallace, Hewitt, and Lando selected one in which they could make the ethnicity of the candidate the issue—not his record, not his ability, not his integrity, but his Jewishness. This was the sole attribute of Richard Licht on which they focused, and this was the one they selected to derail his campaign by methods resembling the Willie Horton commercial.

The *60 Minutes* segment ran on October 23, 1988, two weeks before the election. It is not hard to imagine the impact on the Rhode Island electorate of what Wallace modestly describes as "the most watched and among the most respected news series on American television." Senator Chafee won, 53 percent to 47 percent, and most political observers believe that, even in the tolerant state of Rhode Island (which now has the only Jewish governor in the nation), *60 Minutes* played a significant role in the defeat of the program's target.

ROBERT A. RIESMAN
Providence, Rhode Island

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

David Bar-Illan performs a public service in exposing the unprofessional character of *60 Minutes*'s coverage of Israeli matters. Mike Wallace pretends to cover those subjects as a journalist, when he is a mere propagandist. My own experience with Mike Wallace con-

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- The Americans With Disabilities Act, which created huge new classes of "disabled" people (including but not limited to: drug addicts; AIDS patients; drunks; psychotics; and maybe even transvestites) and will force employers to hire them no matter what the problem or cost.
- The outrageously expensive Clean Air Act, which will impose untold expense—conservative estimates run upwards of $100 billion—and will cost tens of thousands of jobs, yet will yield little improvement in our environment for the price.
- The New Child Care Act, which will create huge new federal bureaucracies and generate massive new regulations to solve a problem best left to individual families.
- The Ted Kennedy-sponsored "Civil Rights Act of 1990," which tried to reimpose a "quota" system in hiring, pushing us even farther away from President Reagan's dream of a "color-blind" society.
- Massive new mandated health and maternity benefit programs that will cost businesses — and, eventually, consumers — billions and may actually result in much poorer health insurance covering many workers who may not want or need it.
- Budget *increases* for the National Endowment for the Arts. Even as American taxpayers are outraged by the blasphemy and pornography sponsored by the Endowment, their budget was increased — allowing the NEA to fund even more outrageous "art."

And to top it all off, under huge pressure from the media and the liberals in Congress — and unfortunately from many within his own Administration— President Bush has now broken his pledge of "No new taxes."

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firms Mr. Bar-Illan's portrait of a man incorrigibly prejudiced against the state of Israel and American Zionism. When he came to Rhode Island to cover the Licht-Chafee Senate race in 1988, it was to show how the "Zionist lobby" had "targeted" John Chafee. As a Republican and Chafee supporter, I was called, and, in an offhand way, remarked that our side was not getting the Jewish support I hoped we could merit. The magic word the interviewer wanted to hear was "targeted," and many times over, she asked me whether I thought Senator Chafee was "targeted" by pro-Israel forces. Asked to go on camera, I checked with AIPAC and other sources and found no evidence whatsoever of a systematic campaign against Chafee under their auspices or auspices known to them. Other inquiries, in Washington, New York City, and Rhode Island, yielded the same result. On camera, Wallace tried every possible way to get me to use the magic word, "targeted," and, disappointed, treated with contempt my contrary claim that we Jewish Republicans had written to Jewish PAC's and gotten some (modest) return. When in the Washington *Jewish Week* I later commented that Wallace had his script written before he ever set foot in Rhode Island, he accused me of being miffed because I didn't get my face on *60 Minutes*. I suppose, for him, in the end that is what is at stake.

All parties to that campaign on both sides unanimously rejected Wallace's claim that Senator Chafee was a victim of a Jewish or Zionist conspiracy. The only one who ever thought so was Wallace himself. That did not stop him from presenting his private fantasy as investigative journalism. Mr. Bar-Illan has now shown that Wallace's Jew-baiting is a nasty habit of his. . . .

JACOB NEUSNER
University of South Florida
Tampa, Florida

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

David Bar-Illan notes that some of the Israeli human-rights activists who had a hand in the *60 Minutes* segment about the Temple Mount "work closely with parallel Palestinian groups like Al Haq."

At first glance, the fact that such groups work together hardly seems objectionable. But a closer look at Al Haq reveals that its leaders are prepared to play fast and loose with the facts when it suits their political interests—something which every sincere Israeli human-rights activist should utterly reject.

Typical of Al Haq's behavior is the claim made by Al Haq founder Raja Shehadeh—in an interview with Edward Grossman of the Jerusalem *Post*—that the Israeli military order banning the harvest of wild thyme in the administered territories is intended "to deprive the Palestinian population of access to an herb which, through the many allusions to it in Palestinian literature, has come to symbolize the attachment of Palestinians to their land." The truth, as Grossman noted, is that the order came at the impetus of the Israel Nature Reserves Authority, which feared "that enterprising Arabs, harvesting *zataar* (thyme) and shipping it over the Allenby Bridge for sale in Jordan and elsewhere, might strip the country of this distinctive plant."

If truth is the first casualty of war, it is also the first casualty of the Arab propaganda war against Israel.

BERTRAM KORN, JR.
Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

We commend David Bar-Illan on his incisive exposé of Mike Wallace's underhanded and outright deceptive practices in his pursuit of investigative journalism, which hit rock bottom in the sleazy report on the Temple Mount tragedy. Ironically, this segment of *60 Minutes*, which aired on December 2, 1990, has turned into a watershed signaling the determination of thousands of viewers that such malicious manipulations will no longer be tolerated. The hundreds of protest letters sent to Don Hewitt, the program's executive producer, attest to this emerging resolve.

We have formed a committee whose goal is to discredit those individuals in the media who engage in such biased mischief and have sent letters with over 200 signatures to Mr. Hewitt, reminding him of the grave responsibilities of broadcast journalism and of the public's insistence on complete honesty. In addition, we reproached *60 Minutues* for its failure to go after stories like the build-up of Saddam Hussein's chemical and biological arsenal by numerous German corporations, largely ignored by most of the news media over a span of many years.* Had this buildup been exposed at an early stage, it could have altered the course of events in the gulf. . . .

We fully agree with Mr. Bar-Illan that news broadcasters must be held accountable for the far-reaching impact that their presentations have on viewers worldwide. . . .

RUTH JANKO
Committee for Responsible Media
Bayside, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

COMMENTARY can always be relied upon in the crunch to set the record straight. The article exposing the inversion of the truth by CBS's reporting on the Temple Mount incident is a message to the media that false reporting of news regarding the Arab-Israeli conflict will not go unanswered.

IRVING MOSKOWITZ
Miami Beach, Florida

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

David Bar-Illan's exposé of *60 Minutes* and Mike Wallace reinforces my hopes that there are still Davids out there willing to take on modern-day Goliaths. . . .

JOEL MENDELSON
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

David Bar-Illan calls Mike Wallace a fitting heir to Walter Duranty, the New York *Times* reporter who falsified reports of the famine in the Ukraine in the early 30's. He might also call him a fitting heir to Senator Joseph McCarthy. The latter cropped photographs; Wallace "crops" TV interviews. . . .

MIRIAM DISKIND
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

David Bar-Illan's article on *60 Minutes* is very timely. Mike Wallace . . . epitomizes the liberal reporter: the man who does not give us the factual news but the news as he wants us to interpret it. . . .

RALF THILEN
Ramsey, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I read David Bar-Illan's article with great fascination. In the piece, Mr. Bar-Illan calls attention to our film, *In the Shadows: The Tragedy*

* See Michael Ledeen's "Iraq's German Connection," beginning on p. 27 of this issue.—ED.

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of Syrian Jews. We are very proud of this film, which is on videotape. . . .

JUDY FELD CARR
National Task Force
for Syrian Jews
Canadian Jewish Congress
Willowdale, Ontario, Canada

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It was timely and thoughtful of COMMENTARY to publish "*60 Minutes* & the Temple Mount."

It is unfortunate that only when there is a lawsuit, as in the case of Ariel Sharon vs. *Time* magazine, does anti-Israel bias in the media receive national exposure in the U.S.

Sometimes I get the impression that the media—the press and the TV networks—shy away from criticizing each other, probably because each has significant holes in its woodwork.

The only saving grace about Jewish journalists like Mike Wallace and Anthony Lewis who frequently bad-mouth Israel and its people is that Israelis develop and implement national-security policies with negligible concern for the bad public relations that media people like them create. . . .

LAWRENCE I. GOULD
Beachwood, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I saw the *60 Minutes* broadcast and recognized it for a hatchet job. Mr. Bar-Illan's report tells me much I did not know about both the Temple Mount affair and *60 Minutes.*

WINIFRED SCOTT
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

What can I say that expresses my enthusiasm for the article on Mike Wallace and *60 Minutes* in the February issue? Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. . . .

HARVEY B. SCHECHTER
Western States Director
ADL Foundation
Los Angeles, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In connection with David Bar-Illan's article in your February issue, I would like to call your readers' attention to the following account of the Temple Mount incident, which appeared in the October 9, 1990 Backgrounder Report of Bridges for Peace, a Christian nonprofit organization based in Jerusalem:

On the morning of October 8, 1990, as 20,000 Jewish pilgrims and tourists (including Christians) were praying at the Western Wall on the most sacred of the intermediate days of Sukkot, rocks, bottles, sharp metal objects, and bricks came raining on their heads from Muslim rioters on the Temple Mount above them, site of the Muslim Dome of the Rock and Al Aqsa Mosque. As Jewish men and women pray separately, the confusion of people fleeing the scene made it almost impossible for family members to find one another and ensure that all were safe. Elderly people had to be helped to safety.

The rioters claimed extremist Jews were attempting to take over the mosque area. While the Temple Mount Faithful had declared their intentions to try to lay the cornerstone of the Third Temple for a second time, this effort was overruled by Israel's High Court of Justice. Teddy Kollek, Mayor of Jerusalem, placed paid ads in all Arab dailies stating that an injunction had been secured by the courts, and the respect and integrity of the Muslim site were secure. He did this in an effort to prevent such an incident. The Muslim Wakf (administrators of the Mount) knew this fact, yet they did nothing to stop the rumor. (In fact, at Friday's prayers at the mosque [October 5, 1990], an announcement was made over the loudspeakers for volunteers to come and "defend the mosque" on Monday [October 8]. It was not a Muslim holy day, or a day for prayer. The 3,000 Muslim men came for a purpose.) The Temple Mount Faithful did appear outside the mosque area, as they do every pilgrimage holiday, and after a brief declaration, left the area via the Dung Gate. Only after they left the scene did the Arab assault on the Sukkot pilgrims begin.

The assault was a well-organized attack of 3,000 Muslim rioters on the Temple Mount. As a Muslim official began crying "*Allahu Akhbar*" ("God is great") from a mosque loudspeaker, the assault began simultaneously at three points while rioters rolled boulders onto the access road leading to the Mount. The rioters had been recruited, and the rocks, bricks, and boulders had been brought to the scene beforehand. "We found piles of stones, barrels full of nails, bottles, and bits of iron," declared Police Inspector-General Ya'acov Terner. It was not a spontaneous event, but orchestrated by the *intifada* leaders well in advance.

The rioters were urged on by repeated cries of "*jihad*" (holy war) from the mosque and went on to burn the police outpost on the Mount, and, for a time, the police completely lost control of the site. In an effort to gain entrance into this fortress-like compound, the police counterattacked with tear gas and rubber bullets, which were ineffective. The inflamed mob fought back with axes and chains. Surrounded by the violent mob, with their lives in peril, the police used the only recourse to protect themselves, live ammunition.

The entire incident lasted 45 minutes. The toll was 21 Arabs killed [later reduced to 17—ED.], 125 Arabs and 19 Jews injured. This has been assessed as the worst incident since 1967, and certainly the worst in the three-year-old *intifada.*

The world press has not reported the whole story as to what precipitated this tragic incident. Most reports began by stating that "Israeli police killed 21 Arabs" without making it clear that it was the Arab riot which resulted in the tragic killing of Arabs. . . .

CLARENCE H. WAGNER, JR.
International Director
Bridges for Peace
Jerusalem, Israel

DAVID BAR-ILLAN writes:

That television producers believe a reviewer of their work should "get their side of the story" before criticizing it is a measure of their penchant for confusing historical events with their shows about those events. No critic need ask how a show was concocted. In fact, it may be unethical to do so. It *would* be instructive to see all the out-takes of what purports to be a documentary. But CBS will not release them. As it is, I doubt that any daily newspaper reviewer would publish in full a long rebuttal to his critique, giving it, as I did with Mike Wallace's first letter, equal space and placing. No such fairness exists in television news. I am still awaiting CBS's reply to my request that they grant equal time for a professionally made 18-minute show on what really occurred at the Temple Mount.

It so happens that I did have a half-hour conversation with Mike Wallace (at his initiative) about his own Temple Mount show before writing about it. What struck me most was his incredulousness when I contended that the Israeli police returned to the Temple Mount on

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that fateful day—even though the worshippers at the Western Wall were by then out of danger—not only to subdue the mob of rioters, but because they were concerned about the fate of two policemen who had remained on the Mount. "Do you know," he asked, "who those men were? One was an Arab record keeper and the other some kind of janitor!" That the Israeli police would risk their own lives to rescue such "nonentities," and Arabs to boot, was obviously beyond his comprehension. There was more in that sentence to betray his misunderstanding of Israel than anything else he had done.

Mike Wallace and Barry Lando deliberately distort my objection to the use of the canned Binyamin Netanyahu press conference. Whether the press conference was held on the day of the riot or six days later is immaterial, and my objection had nothing to do with the possibility that Netanyahu might have changed his view by the time *60 Minutes* filmed the program. I charged that by inserting an unrelated interview, without even stating that it was canned goods, they created the impression that Netanyahu was evading allegations made on the program. Mr. Wallace and Mr. Lando still claim that they sought Israeli interviewees, but they do not, nor can they, answer the charge that they refused to interview Netanyahu on the subjects raised in their show, or that they did not bother locating easily accessible English-speaking men, women, and children who were victims of the stoning at the Western Wall. They kept insisting on talking only to members of the Zamir Commission and to police officers, knowing that these officials were proscribed from testifying so long as the investigation was in progress.

As I clearly indicated in the Postscript of my article, I cannot actually prove that the tape with Teddy Kollek was spliced. Unfortunately, Kollek did not record the interview himself, as an experienced public man like him should have done. But there is no question that his criticism of the government as "ideological" was not provided as an explanation for the riot, which is how *60 Minutes* presented it, but as part of a description of the general atmosphere in Jerusalem. (He was not told that the program was specifically about the Temple Mount.) Nor can there be any question that when he referred to "the most unfortunate thing that happened in 22 years" he was talking about the killing of 17 people (at the time he thought the number was 21). Yet *60 Minutes* ran his remark *before* describing the stoning, thus leading viewers to believe that Kollek had confirmed the Al Haq-*Village Voice*-CBS thesis: that the stoning of the worshippers occurred only in response to the killings by the police. That is why Kollek, who yields to no one in his aversion for the Likud government, protested to CBS about the way he was used by the program. To aver, as has Don Hewitt, the executive producer of *60 Minutes*, that Kollek was pressured into doing this by the Likud is not only preposterous, it is yet another display of the media's arrant ignorance about Israel, matched by characteristic arrogance.

I appreciate Mr. Lando's offer of a free dinner if I can produce the videocassette of the stone-barrage over the Wall with no police in the line of the trajectories. The cassette's owner, who still naively believes he can put unvarnished truth to commercial purposes, will gladly show it to Mr. Lando's representative in Jerusalem. He will not allow it to be copied.

Mr. Lando and Mr. Wallace no longer say that they could not get a list of the injured, because by obtaining such a list after making one phone call, I proved they never seriously tried. Now they say only that there were no serious injuries. That is correct, and that is the sort of thing Jews are never forgiven for. As the wave of sympathy for Israel after the Scud attacks demonstrated, there is an infinite attraction in Jews as victims. During the Temple Mount riot, injuries were minimized by the fast warning of the border police and the quick scattering of the already dispersing worshippers to nearby shelters. As Mike Wallace himself said to me, it would have been easier to defend Israel's position had there been a few Jewish deaths. It brings to mind an essay by the satirist Ephraim Kishon after the Six-Day War entitled "Forgive Us for Winning." Perhaps Israel should apologize for the fact that no one was killed by the boulder barrage.

The Lando-Wallace letter is short on answering specific charges and long on citing publications which agree with CBS's conclusions. Surprisingly, they fail to cite the virulently anti-Israel *Village Voice*, on whose reconstruction of the event their show was largely based. (On the program Wallace was kinder, acknowledging his debt to the *Voice*.) But since most of the press has been hostile to Israel in the past twenty years or so, they could undoubtedly have found more than two supportive examples. Like CBS, the London *Sunday Times* and the Chicago *Tribune* relied on Arab witnesses and on PLO fronts like Al Haq, the Arab "human-rights" organization, and on "useful idiots" like the Israeli Ramsey Clarks of the B'Tselem organization who, until sobered by Scuds, would have been perfectly willing to believe the world was flat had the PLO-*intifada* leadership so decreed.

Perhaps CBS did not notice it, but the Zamir Commission reported that "To our great regret, those [Palestinians] who gave the depositions appearing in the B'Tselem report did not see fit to appear before the Commission for interrogation under oath." Obviously, it is one thing for Palestinians to tell tales to gullible peaceniks who until recently believed Arafat, Faisal Husseini, and Sari Nusseibeh were paragons of integrity and pursuers of peace. But it is quite another to be cross-examined under oath. Which makes the thrust of the Lando-Wallace letter, summarized in Mr. Wallace's coda on the show—"The Israelis stand by the Zamir Commission report and they continue to resist any United Nations investigation into the bloody events on the Temple Mount"—particularly insidious. It implies not only that the Zamir investigation was a cover-up, but that Israel is resisting an objective inquiry. As even the most superficial student of the problem knows, a UN investigation of an internal affair is a compromise of sovereignty which Israel, like virtually all other countries, will not permit. It has nothing to do with the event itself.

Neither Mr. Lando and Mr. Wallace nor the papers they extol thought of really investigating what happened before and during the Temple Mount riot. For instance, as the Cox News Service revealed in a story which appeared in the Philadelphia *Daily News* but was largely ignored elsewhere in the United States, Saddam Hussein met secretly with King Hussein and Arafat before the Temple Mount riot "to plan ways of heating up

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the Palestinian uprising." Western diplomatic officials were quoted in the story as saying that "Arafat was assigned the task of giving the three-year-old Palestinian uprising new spark and getting it back to the front pages."

A week before the Temple Mount incident, a large gang of masked youths from Silwan, an Arab village near the Old City, tried to reach the Western Wall worshippers. Armed with stones and metal bars, they were stopped with great difficulty by the border patrol. A week after the riot, terrorists who had infiltrated from Jordan and whose avowed purpose was to "kill worshippers at the Wall" were captured near Jericho after killing an Israeli soldier. As I mentioned in my article, young Jamal Nusseibeh, the hero of the *60 Minutes* program, clearly indicated Arab premeditation. The big boulders had been carried to the Mount in black rubbish buckets by "the people," said Jamal. He and hundreds of schoolboys had been released from school and told to carry stones to the Temple Mount in their schoolbags. As the *Ma'ariv* reporter Avinoam Bar-Yosef found, the schools had been closed on command. Whose command? Every school principal gave the same answer: by order of *intifada* chief Faisal Husseini.

Nor was it only the Israelis, as Mr. Lando and Mr. Wallace contend, who charged that the riot was premeditated and that the Palestinians were acting on behalf of Saddam Hussein. The renowned Egyptian author, Mahmoud Abd el Munim Morad, wrote soon after the incident in the Cairo *October*, one of Egypt's most prestigious publications, that the Temple Mount riot had been the fruit of "genius planning" by Saddam Hussein and Yasir Arafat. It was intended, he said, to divert the world from Iraq's actions in the gulf and to occupy it with "Israel rather than Iraqi aggression." And surely the CBS producers must have known that the Mufti of Jerusalem, the Al Aqsa Mosque imam, whom they absolve of responsibility for inciting the mob, sent Saddam Hussein fervent greetings a week after the Kuwaiti invasion, urging him to "purge the sanctified Muslim lands of the contamination of the American armed forces." He passed a religious edict calling for *jihad* against the United States and its allies and the boycott

SPRING

THE NATIONAL INTEREST

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of American goods. And, like all the *intifada* leaders, he cheered the Scud attacks on Tel Aviv.

Perhaps what is most regrettable about the sensational treatment of the Temple Mount riot is that essential facts have been completely ignored. In his introduction to the show, Wallace quickly mentions that the site is "a spot sacred to both Arabs and Jews." In fact, the Temple Mount (not the Western Wall) is of supreme significance only for Jews, and has been so for 3,000 years. Nor is it "the third holiest site in all Islam," as Mr. Wallace and others state. On January 26, CNN's Peter Arnett reported being shown bomb damage in the Iraqi city of "Najeb, the third holiest city in Islam, after Mecca and Medina." There are various other sites—in Iran, Syria, and Turkey—which compete for the same title.

As Mayor Teddy Kollek reminds us above, when Israel recaptured Jerusalem's Old City in 1967, it found that every last one of its 58 synagogues had been destroyed. At the time the world's sympathy for Israel was such that Israel could have done anything it wanted on the Mount, including building a Jewish house of worship in the ample empty space there, or digging for archeological treasures of unparalleled importance. Instead, Israel turned the keys of the Mount over to the astonished members of the Muslim council, who had fully expected to be exiled, and granted them autonomous rule over the Mount. The very fact that, on the day of the riot, the police and the courts prevented the appearance of the two dozen harmless eccentrics of the Temple Mount Faithful, whose previous annual pilgrimages had consisted of short, quiet prayers in a corner of the Mount, is in itself an indication of Israel's extreme sensitivity to Arab sensibilities. Mayor Kollek recently said, and rightly, that if ever a state deserved the Nobel Prize for Peace, it is Israel for the way it has conducted itself in Jerusalem. To suggest that the Israeli police deliberately provoked a bloody incident on the Mount, that they were guilty of anything more than unpreparedness, clumsiness, and perhaps overreaction, takes a special kind of malevolence.

Mr. Wallace and Mr. Lando end their letter with the by-now-obligatory calumniation of the Jerusalem *Post*. Typically, they begin by quoting only half of what I said in a telephone conversation. I asserted that the Jerusalem *Post*, whose reporters speak English, Hebrew, and Arabic, maintains daily contacts with Palestinian Arab as well as Jewish sources. No paper has better connections with the *intifada* leadership. It does not, however, rely solely on PLO propagandists like CBS consultant David Kuttab. The *Post* covered the incident thoroughly on a daily basis. And like all the major Israeli newspapers, it felt that squandering resources on a special investigation was unwarranted. Nor is the *Post* in the habit of competing with tendentious, superficial, and disinformation-infested television entertainment shows, which play at investigative journalism. The *Post* published a lengthy critique of the Zamir report by one of its ace reporters, Abraham Rabinovich, who has been with the paper for 22 years, and whose writing appears regularly in publications like the *International Herald Tribune*. I sent his critique to Mr. Lando in December.

That the Jerusalem *Post* is no longer popular with Mr. Wallace and Mr. Lando and many of their colleagues is not surprising. In fact, it may be a sign that under its new management the *Post* is doing something right. Until last year the paper was part of the "blame-Israel-first" claque, providing the foreign press with generous fodder—and an Israeli cover—for its decades-long orgy of Israel-bashing. Correspondents used to quote it with glee. (One Chicago *Sun Times* reporter habitually cribbed from it until he got caught.) After all, no foreigners could be expected to be less vigorous in their excoriation of Israel than Israel's only English daily. Now that the *Post* has the *chutzpah* not only to assert that Israel is more sinned against than sinning, but to suggest that a Palestinian state in the heart of Jerusalem and the suburbs of Tel Aviv, with the inevitable access it would offer to the Saddam Husseins of this world, may not be a good idea after all, some foreign reporters feel orphaned. Let us hope they get over it.

I am grateful to Charles R. Kelley for "agreeing in general" with my interpretations, and I confess I cannot disagree with his criticism of my article's tone and "prosecutorial emphasis." Events in Jerusalem and their exploitation by the media are not conducive to Olympian detachment, but I should have tried harder to stay cool. It should be noted, though, that my article was intended to review Mike Wallace's record as an Israel-basher, not just his show on the Temple Mount incident. Hence the references to "past grievances."

My thanks as well to Clarence H. Wagner, Jr. for confirming my account of events on the Temple Mount, and to Simon H. Rifkind, Robert A. Riesman, Jacob Neusner, Bertram Korn, Jr., Ruth Janko, and all the other letter writers for their generous comments.

The New Music

To the Editor of Commentary:

I was greatly disturbed by Samuel Lipman's article, "Where the New Music Went Wrong" [December 1990], in part because the author never states where new music went wrong in the first place. Is new music no good because it is not beautiful or because it is "unhappy" or both? These two opinions are all the reader gets and they are little more than implied.

Mr. Lipman states that new composers deal with ideas and not beauty, but he never defines the nature of these so-called ideas. Cannot ideas be beautiful or musical? Perhaps all those new composers whose names Mr. Lipman reels off so cavalierly take the pursuit of beauty to be something so basic to their craft that they needn't mention it. Would new music sound different to Mr. Lipman if composers assured him that they were concerned with beauty? This point, which he dwells on, seems rhetorical and evasive—evasive because he attempts to cover thinly supported personal opinion with a variety of quotes edited in order to reveal that composers are concerned with everything but beauty. Despite this frail innuendo, the reader is still left to interpret Mr. Lipman as stating that new music is no good because composers don't write about beauty and their music is unhappy. . . .

Mr. Lipman condemns new music by stating that nothing written since the 1940's is worthy of the "permanent repertory." In the following paragraph he sympathetically states that "the good and important works" written in that period have been "unfairly tarred." This stretches the reader's patience with Mr. Lipman, the hypocrite.

Finally, in a manner not unlike that of a campaigning politician,

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Mr. Lipman evokes the immortal images of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven and declares with the bluntness of a musical redneck, "We do not need new music." I can only assume that here he is employing the royal "we," because I myself and the majority of concertgoers I know feel that new music has a welcome place on every program. New works have a great excitement, challenge, and indeed beauty all their own. This fact would seem to be supported by the huge and spontaneous ovations which so many new works receive. Of course some pieces are dogs, but many are great and will last.

Mr. Lipman's stuffy, old-fashioned attitude carries with it what he himself calls "a curious blend of boredom and irritation." How can a music critic and a musician with so much implied background find no aesthetic . . . in an entire idiom when so many common fans such as myself are able to do so? It seems Mr. Lipman is in the wrong field altogether. Perhaps he should be a museum curator, or even a politician, though one with an increasingly limited constituency. In short, this article is poorly thought out, shabby journalism unworthy of a magazine which reflects intellectual life. . . .

KURT R. SAX
Glencoe, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Thank you, Samuel Lipman. The era of clank-and-clangor has lasted much too long. About four or five years ago I attended a piano recital of contemporary music by Ursula Oppens. It was the first full program of that kind for me, . . . and it was too much. I became angry; I was outraged. I ached for an E-flat chord which she might hold for a bar or two just to please my sore ears. . . . How could *everything* be so ugly, so outrageously obscene, from that beautiful piano? . . . I vowed never again to attend a similar recital.

I've heard my share of Carter, Cage, Penderecki, late Stravinsky, etc. But my barrier is up: never again will I submit. The audiences who refuse to attend concerts or walk out on them after being lured inside are avoiding needless suffering.

Not that everything the great ones wrote is acceptable to me. Of Mozart's nineteen piano sonatas perhaps one or two are worthwhile. Strangely, they are the only music of his that bores me. Still, they are played and played again, recorded by too many, but remain deadly boring. Is this only because it's Mozart and he can do no wrong?

Last July I attended the William Kapell International Piano Competition at the University of Maryland. That's when it occurred to me that a lot of old piano music is in reality *new* music because no one plays any of it, or if one piece is played it's a rare event. In many decades of attending recitals I have never heard any work of the following composers: Dohnanyi, Mompou, Turina, Glazunov, and only last year did I hear a MacDowell sonata and nothing else of his. It's a shame because almost all their music is most appealing and much is beautiful.

While at Maryland I asked a well-known concert pianist why those composers were never played. He said that most pianists don't consider their works "top-notch," and they're not sure how audiences would receive the pieces if they did program them. He added that many Beethoven sonatas are rarely played because pianists want to play only the "sure" ones, those most familiar to the audience. It seemed to be his personal opinion as well, though he did not appear dogmatic about it. . . .

The pleasures of much beautiful music still await us, hidden treasures, relegated to the shelves. . . . Mr. Lipman has zeroed in well and honestly on contemporary composers. Now let him urge others to pay attention to what they've never heard before; the old can easily become the new.

EUGENE W. FELDMAN
Lewistown, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I read Samuel Lipman's article with great interest and sympathy, and I share his nostalgic mood about the great art of the past. I do not think that the problem is limited to music, however, although it is probably most profound in Western music and poetry, less so in painting and literary prose. Still, I am afraid that our descendants will find little to preserve for eternity from the art of the 20th century, especially its second half.

However, I do not think it is art which "went wrong." Perhaps art in principle cannot go wrong—it reflects our life which has gone astray. The greater part of the West's spirituality has been spent, during this century and especially during the last fifty years, exclusively on technical and economic progress, a phenomenon which has no precedent in history in its intensity and speed. There is simply not much room left for art, music, poetry. I believe that this preoccupation of our minds and souls with other things is the major reason for the current state of the arts. . . .

One further component of art which Western civilization is abandoning is its relation to morality. Great Western art of the past always acted within the coordinates of Judeo-Christian morality, even if it challenged this morality. But now this basis of Western civilization is no longer taken seriously. . . .

Art cannot go wrong, and if it cannot lead, it merely reflects. Some may call current art decadent, but I think that this is simply not the best time for art; there is no decadence in the natural sciences or in technology. However, technical progress cannot go on forever, and there are already subtle signs that it may be slowing down. . . . . Probably around the second half of the 21st century, people will return to a real enjoyment of art, and a new renaissance will take place. Until then, we still have enough Beethoven, Rembrandt, Shakespeare, and much more—enough for several lifetimes.

ELIEZER RABINOVICH
Berkeley Heights, New Jersey

SAMUEL LIPMAN writes:

I am sorry that Kurt R. Sax was so greatly disturbed by my article. He calls me a hypocrite and a redneck: a hypocrite for thinking that some valuable compositions written in the past forty years, albeit a limited number, have been dragged down in the general collapse of contemporary musical composition; a redneck for stating the obvious truth that we do not need new music when we have so much old music that will reward our every attention. He accuses me, too, of not being specific about just what I mean by the present-day substitution by composers of ideas for beauty. But I mention names of musicians, and the styles in which they write, in order to make my meaning clear. In contrast, Mr. Sax mentions not one of his cherished new composers by name or by style; instead, he contents himself with mindless praise for the new in music, as if it were an indispensable

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nutrient for our souls quite independently of just exactly what it happens to be as music.

I would suggest that Eugene W. Feldman's letter, in all its frankness, is a more accurate reflection of the thoughts of the cultivated musical audience than Mr. Sax's overheated screed. Mr. Feldman understands the beauty that inheres in great music; he understands, too, that a provocation is a provocation, even when dressed up as the latest compositional *couture*. I am glad that Mr. Feldman mentions the music of Glazunov. I think Glazunov is a wonderful composer, whose very beautiful symphonies are unaccountably ignored west of what used to be called the Iron Curtain. No doubt Mr. Sax would find Glazunov "stuffy" and "old-fashioned." I am sure that the public, given half a chance in the present era of sure-fire program-stuffers, would differ with Mr. Sax, and agree with Mr. Feldman.

Eliezer Rabinovich attempts to generalize my pessimistic verdict on contemporary music to include the other arts. He quite properly admits, however, that all the arts are not in the same boat: music and poetry have suffered more than painting and literature; I would add that dance seems to have thrived, while the theater has degenerated into a base form of propaganda. When I suggested in my article that the new music might reflect the unhappiness of modern life, I did so not to blame life for music, but to point out that other music—the masterpieces of the past—existed to suggest to its listeners the reality of a better world. It is thus music's past that shows up music's present. Like music, the other arts have to be taken on their own merits, and judged for and in themselves. Mr. Rabinovich's position that art reflects life remains an open question. I suppose the answer has to be that sometimes it does, and sometimes it doesn't. After all, art has within it the possibility of replacing life; music, at least, regularly did so in the early years of the 20th century.

College Sports

To the Editor of Commentary:

D. G. Myers ["Why College Sports," December 1990] is right that the ideal of the student-athlete in big time college sports has become a contradiction in terms. But to suggest, as Mr. Myers does, that colleges should therefore end their association with competitive sports is unrealistic and, more important, not in the interests of the colleges, the sports, or the athletes.

Why, Mr. Myers asks at the end of his article, does the collegiate sporting enterprise need academic connections at all? If by "academic connections" he means university affiliation, the answer is simple: they need the colleges for the direct administrative and psychological access to the students and alumni who buy tickets to games. Otherwise football teams at Texas A&M, Mr. Myers's institution, could never hope to fill Kyle Field's 71,600 seats from the 80,000 people in Bryan and College Station, where A&M is located. Colleges also provide large and specialized coaching staffs and state-of-the-art stadiums, arenas, and training facilities which an unaffiliated team playing at the sub-professional skill level of college teams could never otherwise afford.

What do colleges get for their sponsorship? Mr. Myers is right: colleges are not getting rich from sports. But that is largely because of National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) requirements that colleges offer scholarships in minor sports like golf, fencing, wrestling, or crew. It is not for nothing that football and basketball, however, are referred to as revenue sports. More important, football and basketball are morale boosters for students and alumni. Nowhere is this more true, in fact, than at Texas A&M. And at the two schools I attended, the Universities of Wisconsin and Texas, and at countless others, football has been an important part of the recreational environment for over a century.

Mr. Myers mentions only in passing the unfairness of the present system to the athletes, but these are its most defenseless victims, forced to compete for four years without meaningful compensation and without receiving any meaningful education for the virtually nonexistent chance to play in the National Football League (NFL) or National Basketball Association (NBA).

Colleges can continue to sponsor football and basketball teams, as they will do in any case, without doing further violence to the athletes, to the sports, or to their own academic standards, simply by ending the requirement that the athletes be students. As I suggested in my *Washington Monthly* article mentioned by Mr. Myers, the student requirement is the source of at least half of the problems of college athletics. End that requirement, and you end the transcript altering, you end the Potemkin Village curricula constructed to keep athletes in school, and you end the controversy over minimum GPA and SAT requirements. More important, you end the hypocrisy that the present system requires of both colleges and athletes: the pretense that athletes want an education as opposed to a shot at professional sports, and the pretense that colleges want to or can educate young men whom they would not otherwise admit, much less recruit and offer scholarships to.

Who and what would be harmed if the univesities maintained their teams but without requiring the players to be students, and paid them—not the $15,000 stipend that Mr. Myers incorrectly attributes to me, but whatever the market would bear? Colleges would have their morale boosters. Athletes would have the chance they want to qualify for the NFL and NBA, and a chance in the meantime to earn money doing what they're best at in what would amount to the new minor leagues of football and basketball. And both colleges and athletes could stop pretending.

Louis Barbash
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor of Commentary:

D. G. Myers's article pleading for realism in college sports is cogent and timely. But I missed his not talking about what the athletic programs do for the athletes themselves. What kinds of employment does participation in college sports prepare the "graduate" for? No doubt many go into athletics expecting to have it prepare them for the future. . . . But how many are given promises of a future that is never realized?

Douglas H. Schewe
Madison, Wisconsin

To the Editor of Commentary:

D. G. Myers's otherwise perceptive article misses a rather important reason why college sports cannot be lightly regarded by seats of higher learning, despite direct financial losses which may be incurred. The fact is, there is an economic value to the successful sports program. The prestige deriving from such a program increases the

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probability of higher budget allocations from state legislatures—in the case of publicly-funded institutions—and in enhanced alumni contributions in all cases. Success in sports results in a larger pool of freshman applications for admission, thus ensuring greater selectivity. . . .

I received a BA from the University of Connecticut in the 50's. Never has the prestige of this university been as high as last year, when its basketball program achieved, for the first time, national recognition. My son was heard to mutter that he might put the University of Connecticut on his list of college possibilities, along with Duke, Michigan, Vanderbilt, Yale, and the like! Never mind that my alma mater has continued to develop many fine undergraduate, graduate, and professional programs—"Dad, you went to UConn, didn't you? Hey, they're ranked ahead of Indiana!" If young Fink decides on Connecticut, Storrs *will* make a profit.

ALBERT H. FINK
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Another reason for college sports that I do not think D. G. Myers discussed in his excellent article is that the alumni demand it. Administrators claim that alumni contribute because of athletics. The more successful the program, the more they give, so it is said. But if the truth be known, those jock-oriented alumni who contribute on the basis of athletics do so primarily to the athletic and not to the academic programs, thus enabling them to live out their fantasies vicariously through the athletes.

College athletics was a means of fulfilling the Greek tradition of "a sound mind in a sound body." But as Red Smith cogently noted, it rapidly outgrew that function. The only way of controlling college athletics is to replace intermural with intramural athletic programs. By doing so, far more students would benefit and the colleges and universities would no longer function as farm systems for professional sports.

SHELDON F. GOTTLIEB
University of South Alabama
Mobile, Alabama

D. G. MYERS writes:

Louis Barbash's reproof is well taken. If I had been urging that "colleges . . . end their association with competitive sports," I would indeed have been "unrealistic." But I was doing no such thing. As Douglas H. Schewe correctly perceives, what I was doing was "pleading for realism." All a mere writer can ever hope to do in such cases is to state the problem as clearly as he is able to do. And the problem, as I see it, is that the rationale behind college sports is at present deeply confused.

Mr. Barbash only illustrates the depth of this confusion. He argues that sports are "morale boosters." I am not sure exactly what he means by this phrase, but apparently he is under the delusion that college students roar back from games refreshed and newly willing to endure the difficulty and occasional boredom of their studies. It is more likely, however, that the reverse is true. Perhaps the morale of students is low, where it is low, because big-time sports encourage a false understanding of what university life is all about.

Mr. Barbash also illustrates my larger thesis that collegiate sports and higher education have become separate enterprises, increasingly remote from each other in motive and design. This was borne out recently, and amusingly, by Rick Pitino, head basketball coach at the University of Kentucky, who objected to "so-called academicians" telling him what to do. Now, Mr. Barbash would make a virtue of this separation and divide college sports from the colleges in name as well as in fact. But how realistic is *this* plan? The likely outcome would be a two-tiered system: the big-money schools would break away from the rest, leading to the reemergence of a nominally amateur system at the lower ranks, with the same abuses as before.

Albert H. Fink contends that a winning sports program is likely to attract undergraduate applications, and points to his son's new-found interest in the University of Connecticut. What Mr. Fink fails to notice is that the only reason he can welcome this news from his son is that he knows beforehand, and by separate criteria, that UConn is a good school—something that cannot be said for every school ranked in the sportswriters' or coaches' poll at any time. The larger question, though, is whether this is the best way to choose a college. Anyone who decides what university to attend on the basis of its sports

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program is apt to be disappointed by what awaits him on campus.

I am grateful to Mr. Schewe and to Sheldon F. Gottlieb for their kind words, and for adorning my case with other considerations.

"Pledging Allegiance"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Michael Novak's review of Sidney Blumenthal's book *Pledging Allegiance* [Books in Review, December 1990] reminds me of the "editorial reply" bit John Belushi used to do on *Saturday Night Live*—the one where he starts out calm, then gradually works himself up into such a paroxysm of rage that he pitches over backward. Perhaps Mr. Novak is angry because of the many unkind though amusing things Sidney Blumenthal wrote about neoconservatives in his last book, *The Rise of the Counter-Establishment*. Whatever his motive, Mr. Novak has done Sidney Blumenthal a number of serious injustices.

Mr. Novak attacks Blumenthal for his alleged "thesis" that "the cold war has corrupted and poisoned American life since 1948," for his alleged "failure to grasp the evils of Communism," and for his alleged "dismissal of the cold war as fantasy" (or, alternatively, as "nothing but a fantasy"). These accusations against Blumenthal are simply false. Mr. Novak offers no evidence to support them—no citations, no quotations, no nothing. That is because there is no such evidence.

Mr. Novak writes that Blumenthal "disdains as silly" President Reagan's 1983 assertion that the Soviet Union was an "evil empire." This accusation against Blumenthal is false. Again, Mr. Novak offers no evidence, because—again—there is no evidence. What Blumenthal does say is that at the Moscow summit in June 1988 Ronald Reagan said that his "evil empire" remark referred to "another time, another place." This is Blumenthal's sole reference to Reagan's "evil empire" remark.

A portion of Mr. Novak's review is given over to a by now numbingly familiar kind of attack on the "new class" which he believes controls the Democratic party. Besides disdaining patriotic symbols, this new class reacts with "disgust" to "the diligent, successful black male" because he is "living by contemptible white bourgeois values." Also, it "lovingly" accepts "the jobless, hostile, fist-clenching, unsocialized mugger"—so much so that its "black hero" is Willie Horton, the well-known rapist and murderer.

Perhaps Mr. Novak is indulging in a bit of comic exaggeration here, though nowhere else does he betray any sign of having a sense of humor. In any case, while there may still be a handful of radicals who fit his description, they are not prominent in the affairs of the Democratic party. When was the last time you heard muggers praised, or hardworking black professionals demeaned, by Bill Bradley, Ron Brown, Mario Cuomo, Richard Gephardt, Al Gore, Bob Kerrey, Sam Nunn, Doug Wilder, or even Jesse Jackson? And can a set of views that would be firmly and indignantly rejected by all of the above truthfully be said to have "seized" the "ideological leadership" of the Democratic party?

It's unclear whether Mr. Novak intends his readers to infer that Blumenthal too prefers black muggers to black computer programmers. What he does say is that Blumenthal's treatment of Jesse Jackson is "surprisingly" critical. Surprisingly? Not to anyone who has read what Blumenthal has written about Jackson over the past decade, beginning with his coverage of Jackson's first presidential campaign for the *New Republic*.

At the end of his review Mr. Novak becomes dangerously overwrought. He writes that Blumenthal's alleged "dismissal of the cold war as fantasy is a sacrilege upon the graves of the millions who perished in the gulags and detention centers of Communism from Prague to Hanoi."

This is a very ugly thing to say, and, because its premise is plainly false, it is also a contemptible, even a dishonest, thing to say.

Blumenthal does not dismiss the cold war as fantasy. He argues that at the time of the 1988 election the cold war was coming to an end, and that this fundamental change helped drive the campaign even though it was being overtly ignored by the candidates. The cold war, in Mr. Blumenthal's view, was a very important reality. That is why its ending was also very important.

There was no call for Michael Novak to accuse Sidney Blumenthal of despoiling the graves of Communism's victims, even metaphorically. Mr. Novak needs to start treating people he disagrees with, or imagines he disagrees with, more civilly.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG
Washington, D.C.

MICHAEL NOVAK writes:

To leap to the defense of a friend and colleague is an admirable deed, for which I have much sympathy. But it is not easy to accept Hendrik Hertzberg's softened portrait of his colleague on the *New Republic*, Sidney Blumenthal.

In particular, I noted not one but three places in which Blumenthal mentions the "evil empire" speech, and in the context of none of them does he treat it, or the viewpoint it represents, as a fair and accurate remark. He says that belief in the "evil empire" was "the master concept of [Reagan's] ideology," which he describes as follows: "Ronald Reagan pledged to restore the metaphysical simplicity of the cold war. His politics involved a massive misapplication of memory and a reiteration of the right-wing charges leveled against the Democrats since the inception of the cold war." And when Reagan at last calls 1988 "the turning point in the great twilight struggle known as the cold war," Blumenthal comments: "Reagan had been a man of myths, fantasies, and illusions . . . [This] engagement with reality seemed out of character."

Lest one think, however, that Reagan is the only one whose illusions Blumenthal faults, note the accusation he levels against Harry Truman: "In selling the initial cold-war policies in 1947 to a reluctant Congress, dominated by Republicans still attached to their prewar isolationism, Truman resorted to Manichean rhetoric." Blumenthal even seems confused about whether at first the cold war was launched by Democrats (Truman) against reluctant Republicans, or by Republicans against reluctant Democrats (see his quote on Reagan, above). By the time he gets to Eisenhower, all is clear. He makes fun of Ike's "Commission on National Goals, which was told to locate them. But this quest was misplaced. The cold war, after all, defined the national purpose."

Lyndon Johnson took the cold war to Vietnam and saw Vietnam "as the culmination of the Great Society—its extension to the Mekong Delta," Blumenthal writes, adding: "Over the years, the cold war had become more than a pol-

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icy; it was a way of knowing, an epistemological system." And again, "[T]he Democrats presented the cold war as an ideological crusade."

Since I remember Reinhold Niebuhr presenting the cold war as a hard demand of biblical realism and a warning *against* crusades, and since the ADA and even Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. spoke of resistance to totalitarianism as a critical part of liberalism, a task of "the vital center," Blumenthal's consistent use of such terms as "crusade," "Manichean," "epistemological system," "metaphysical simplicity," and the like hardly makes him the centrist that Mr. Hertzberg claims.

Indeed, in his opening pages, Blumenthal takes the theme of his book—and his image of the cold war—from Georgi Arbatov and his associates at the Soviet Institute of the U.S.A. and Canada Studies. Blumenthal's credulousness in reporting their rosy views on Gorbachev and their dismissive views of the cold war is matched only by his arrogance in dealing with Representative Gephardt, Governors Dukakis and Babbitt, and Senators Gore and Dole, on the same subject. Blumenthal approves only of Senator Hart, one of whose aides told him: "Gary had an inchoate feeling that this 'twilight struggle' was really stupid." Blumenthal's romance with Gorbachev and Hart must be savored in full to be believed:

> During his four hours with Gorbachev, Hart fitted himself for the role of President. In effect, he had been temporarily appointed by the Soviet leader. It was the pinnacle of his campaign and career. Gorbachev's behavior toward him confirmed Hart's own idea of himself.
>
> In Gorbachev, he was eye-to-eye with the kind of leader he aspired to be. Gorbachev was the world-historical man living in a world-historical moment. He had found what Hart was looking for—The Future, with himself at its forefront. Hart's image of Gorbachev was an image of his ideal self. "We were dealing," Hart said, "with a very formidable man, a true reformer, if not a revolutionary."
>
> Hart emerged from the Kremlin possessed with the idea that the cold war could really be made to end. . . . The idea of the cold war's end seemed to make his positions cohere into a program and to put the present, stultifying debate in the dustbin of history. As if to commune with the idea of history, he drove with [Princeton's Stephen] Cohen out of Moscow to Tolstoy's estate. . . .
>
> On the surface, Gorbachev and Hart appeared to have parallel lives.

Finally, if Mr. Hertzberg cannot see the ways in which much-besieged and hardworking leaders in the Democratic party (such as some of those he mentions by name) must defer to special interests and their ideological demands, prospects for further Republican presidential victories look better than they might otherwise be. Most voters do not belong to the new class, or share its symbols and myths. If the Democrats ever decide to prefer the common sense of the majority to the passions of the highly educated minority that controls their nominating process, they would once again dominate—and deserve to dominate—the presidency. Here, too, by his faulty diagnosis of the symbolic issues of 1988, Blumenthal badly serves the Democratic party.

Murderers in the USSR

To the Editor of Commentary:

In his letter in the December 1990 issue responding to Marco Carynnyk's article, "The Killing Fields of Kiev" [October 1990], Zbigniew Brzezinski expresses anger at the way in which Stalinist murderers, ex-killers and ex-torturers, enjoy what passes for the good life in the Soviet Union. Such anger is entirely appropriate. Might I be permitted to draw your readers' attention to a more recent but equally egregious example of the very phenomenon which he protests?

Writing in Moscow *News* on June 11, 1989, Leonid Batkin observed that "Everywhere in the world it is known that in Afghanistan our army resorted to actions against civilians which are qualified in international conventions signed by this country as crimes against humanity. . . . What has to be done is either to dissuade the world, to disprove mountains of evidence of Soviet atrocities in Afghanistan, or to punish the guilty to clear ourselves of the filth."

For a majority of Soviet legislators, filth was clearly preferable. On November 28, 1989, as reported in *Pravda* of November 30, the Supreme Soviet approved a resolution which granted an amnesty to Soviet soldiers for war crimes committed in Afghanistan. Article 4 of the draft resolution, which provided *inter alia* that the amnesty did not apply "to individuals who took part in the premeditated murder of people," was omitted on a roll-call vote, after deputies argued that it might deter the return of Soviet prisoners of war.

This outrageous whitewash of hideous crimes strikes me as an excellent starting point for those who wish to protest the institutional protections for murderers which persist to this day in the USSR.

William Maley
University College
The University of New South Wales
Canberra, Australia

To the Editor of Commentary:

Zbigniew Brzezinski exaggerates the number of surviving Stalinist criminals still at large: natural deaths or executions during the Khrushchev years (some in secret) have decimated the ranks of most such criminals. At least two, however, have survived. Lieutenant General P.A. Sudoplatov, as head of the NKVD Fourth (Executive Action) Department in 1940, along with L.E. Eitingon and G.B. Ovakimian, organized Trotsky's murder. During the postwar years, as head of MGB counterintelligence, Sudoplatov was involved in the liquidation of anti-Soviet partisans in the western Ukraine. After Stalin's death, Sudoplatov feigned mental illness and spent five years in a Leningrad clinic before being transferred to a prison in Vladimir. He was released in August 1968. Major General P.K. Soprunenko (identified by Mr. Brzezinski as Serepenko), head of the POW department of the NKVD in 1940, organized the "selections" in Katyn. Soprunenko and Sudoplatov now live in Moscow in retirement. . . . Both failed to respond to my written inquiries during my writing of *Soviet Security and Intelligence Organizations 1918-1990* (Meckler Press, 1991).

Michael Parrish
Bloomington, Indiana

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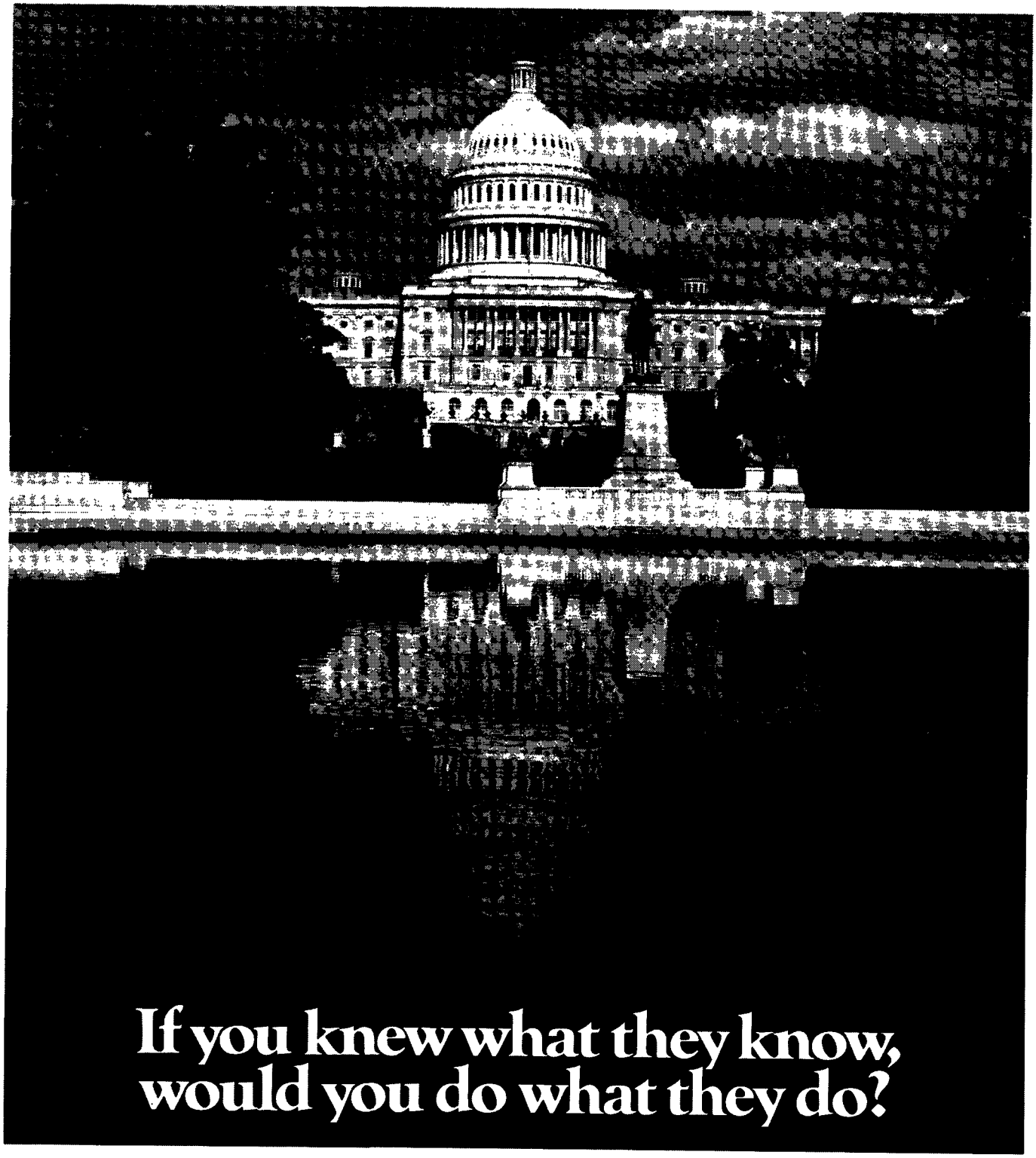

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In Israel, With Scuds and Patriots

Norman Podhoretz

Jerusalem, January 17, 1991

I AM awakened at 2 A.M.* by the loudspeaker system of the King David Hotel which instructs all guests to proceed immediately to the fifth floor where gas masks will be issued. There is no immediate danger; elevators may be used. But we are advised to make haste.

Too groggy to be frightened and yet oddly excited, I scramble into my clothes. It doesn't yet occur to me that the war has actually started. What I vaguely assume is that Israeli intelligence has just gotten word that Saddam Hussein is preparing a preemptive strike against Israel some time tonight—which is what I had been expecting would happen—and only when I reach the sealed room on the fifth floor do I learn that American planes are already bombing Baghdad.

My great joy at this news would have known no bounds were it not tempered by a bit of black comedy. When I was in the army more than 35 years ago, nothing terrified me more at the start of basic training than the prospect of the exercise we would eventually have to undergo of walking into a room where real gas would be released and getting our masks on fast enough to escape injury. The reason this terrified me so much was that every time we practiced the drill, I would run into trouble with the straps on the mask, which recalcitrantly kept refusing to let me adjust them properly.

Now, after all these years, I am about to begin handling a gas mask again; surely, I tell myself, by now they must have improved the damn things to make them easier to adjust. But no. The mask I am given is made out of stiff rubber instead of the cloth of old, but the straps turn out to be as hard to manage as they were back in Fort Dix, New Jersey in 1954. In fact, even the Israeli security man who is showing me how to put on the mask has trouble working the catches. How then, with aging arthritic fingers compounding my natural clumsiness with such devices, will I ever do it on my own? Fiddling with the straps I break into a sweat, even while I find myself morbidly amused by the bad joke fate is playing on me.

Still, I know very well that it isn't fate that has landed me in this fix. I came here four days ago entirely by choice—in order, as I have been telling everyone, to put my body where my mouth is. Having, that is, called loudly for the United States to go to war with Iraq—because I was convinced that it was the only way to stop Saddam Hussein, and that stopping him was in our vital interests†—I am now deliberately exposing myself to the consequences of the policy I have been advocating. But there was, and is, more to it than that.

For several months my wife Midge had been planning a January visit to our youngest daughter Ruthie, her Israeli husband Nadav, and their four children (Noam, eight; Alon, five; and the one-year-old twins Boaz and Avital) in Jerusalem. Then, when it began to look as though this visit would carry her smack into a war zone, we wondered whether it might not be better to bring Ruthie and the kids over here instead. But Ruthie, apprehensive though she obviously was, wouldn't hear of it—not from us and not from Nadav. Nor would Midge hear of changing her own plans. Many of our friends and relatives told her that she was crazy, but she was determined to go and help Ruthie out, if only by "holding her hand."

All this time I went on writing and speaking of the need to stop Saddam Hussein by force, while half convinced that Bush and Baker would in the end make a deal that would get him out of Kuwait but leave his military machine intact. This "nightmare scenario" (as some were calling it) depressed me deeply. Yet I could never shake the feeling that while such a settlement would be very bad for America, and also in the long run for Israel, maybe it would not be so bad for me and mine. For if war came, Saddam Hussein would almost certainly deliver on his promise to attack Israel, perhaps even with chemical weapons. And what if, God forbid, something were to happen to my daughter, my grandchildren, my wife?

My anxiety over this possiblity grew more vir-

NORMAN PODHORETZ is Editor-in-Chief of COMMENTARY. The present article is sponsored by the Harry Elson Commentary Fund.

* This was, of course, 7 P.M., January 16, in Washington.

† See my "A Statement on the Persian Gulf Crisis" (COMMENTARY, November 1990) and "Enter the Peace Party" (COMMENTARY, January 1991).

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ulent as the days wore on, making me wonder whether I really had any business taking the position I did. I never doubted that it was the right position; what I questioned was whether it was right for *me* to be taking it. (Among other things, this predicament left me even angrier than before with those commentators on the Right, some of them my erstwhile political friends and allies, who were accusing pro-war Jews like me of acting only for the sake of Israel, when so many of us, with family there, stood to be hurt directly from the outbreak of war.) Then, very early one morning, I awoke to the realization that I had decided to accompany Midge on the trip, and all at once I was flooded with a sweet sense of relief at the thought that if the worst came to the worst, I would at least be there to suffer it myself.

NOR was even this the whole story. There was also a compulsion working in me to be with the Israelis in this time of danger. And here too there were, and are, complications. Most people, including friends who know me well, are either puzzled or think that I'm putting them on when I say that I don't much like Israel and never have. After all, I am thought to be one of Israel's fiercest defenders, and among the hardest of hard-liners when it comes to issues involving Israel's security. And so I assuredly am. I believe, and I have made no secret of it, that the survival of Israel is, or should be, *the* overriding concern of every Jew in the world today; and I have been emphatic about the mortal threat posed by a Palestinian state and the concomitant need for resistance to any "peace process" that might lead to such an outcome.

But none of this bears on my personal feelings about Israel in itself. I have known Jews—my own daughter being the nearest example to hand—who from the minute they set foot on Israeli soil are overwhelmed by the sensation that they have been in exile and have now finally come home. I, on the contrary, have never been at ease in Zion. I felt like a foreigner the first time I visited Israel forty years ago, even though I spoke Hebrew fluently in those days and knew at least as much about the history of the country as I did about America. Indeed, being in Israel, that alien place, made me realize how American I was. In that respect nothing has changed over the years: not even after repeated visits; not even after I developed enormous admiration for the exemplary courage of the Israelis in coping with the endless state of siege they have been forced to endure from the moment of their birth as a nation; and not even after I became the fatuously doting grandfather of Israeli children.

Yet in spite of how foreign Israel has always felt to me, I was as sure as I have ever been about anything that my place at this moment was in Israel, with the Israelis. To put the case with melodramatic exaggeration, while I would almost rather die than live anywhere but in America, and that most certainly includes Israel, I was ready and willing to die in and with and for Israel—provided, of course, that I could wait in comfort for the fatal blow to strike. And so, instead of staying with Midge in Ruthie's crowded apartment, here I am, in the King David Hotel, fiddling with a gas mask in the middle of the night with no confidence whatever that I will be able to get it on properly and quickly enough when the time comes.

RETURNING to my room but too keyed up to sleep, I turn on CNN, which is to be my constant companion for the remainder of my stay. George Bush comes onto the screen, and I actually throw him a kiss, not only because he has finally done the right thing but also because he says that, in addition to the liberation of Kuwait, our objective is to destroy Saddam Hussein's military machine—and he specifically mentions his chemical, biological, and nuclear capabilities. Months ago, Bush suggested that we should do this, but he then dropped it, no doubt because it arguably went beyond what the Security Council had authorized. Now, God bless him, he has come around exactly to where I was hoping against hope he would wind up in the end.

It seems too good to be true—and all the more so as the first reports come in. The news is that we have "decimated" the Republican Guard, taken out (all?) the nuclear and chemical plants in Baghdad, established air superiority, seriously disrupted the Iraqi command-and-control network, and radically "diminished" the threat to Israel by "destroying" the fixed Scud launchers in Western Iraq. There has been no resistance from the Iraqi air force and not a single one of our planes has been lost.

I can't remember when I last tasted such exhilaration. At this rate, the war is likely to be over in a few days, which would be a wonderful thing in itself and would also have marvelous consequences. The least of these—if not the least personally gratifying—would be to discredit all the people who had been warning that a war with Iraq would result in thousands of body bags, and to vindicate those of us who had suspected that Iraq would not turn out to be all that formidable a foe—not to mention those of us who had supported the military buildup of the Reagan years.

But infinitely more important, a quick and decisive victory would remoralize our whole country. Everyone would experience a new surge of confidence in America—in American technology, so triumphantly on display in our planes and their smart munitions; in American wisdom and courage, so vividly manifest in the very act of going to war; in American leadership, so brilliantly exhibited in the coalition politics through which George Bush has brought us to this point. Goodbye to the decline-of-America theories; good-

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bye to the idea that Japan and Germany are outstripping us; goodbye to the isolationists of Left and Right who have come out of the woodwork since the end of the cold war: goodbye to all that. And goodbye, at long last, to Vietnam.

January 18

WELL, whatever else may have been accomplished in the last 24 hours, the threat to Israel hasn't been eliminated. It's now 6 A.M. and I'm back in my hotel room after spending several hours upstairs in a sealed room wearing a gas mask. Midge is here too, having decided to take a breather and pass the night in the hotel instead of in Ruthie's apartment.

A few hours ago, at about 2:30 in the morning, we were awakened not by the sirens (which were, incredibly, inaudible) but, again, by the hotel loudspeaker system, only this time we *were* told to make haste and not to use the elevators. Mouths dry and probably foul-smelling, we scrambled as fast as we could into our clothes and grabbed the cardboard cartons containing our gas masks. Just as we were dashing out of the door, however, I remembered that my wallet and passport were in a drawer and I turned back to get them. As I did, a horrible thought crossed my mind.

Only last spring, Midge's sister and brother-in-law, Sheva and Marver Bernstein, had been killed in a fire in a Cairo hotel. When their bodies, charred beyond recognition, were recovered in the hallway, a mysteriously intact billfold was found on one of them, containing several hundred dollars in cash and their passports. The fact that others on the same floor had escaped made it seem possible that the few extra seconds it had taken the Bernsteins to get their money and papers together might have cost them their lives. And now here I was, doing exactly the same thing.

Luckily, we had only one story to climb to get to the sealed rooms on the fifth floor where, sure enough, I had trouble with the straps on my gas mask. So, I noticed with bitter satisfaction, did several of the other people in the shelter. Since by now most of the tourists had either fled or canceled their reservations, practically the only guests left in the hotel seemed to be European journalists come to cover the war. The only American journalist I spotted was Joe Klein of *New York* magazine, who looked as dazed and uncertain as we were.

The European journalists were all taking pictures of each other in gas masks, while the rest of us were watching CNN. After a while we learned that a number of Scud missiles armed—thank God!—only with conventional warheads had hit Tel Aviv, doing extensive damage to property but causing only seven casualties, none serious. Midge and Joe Klein got into an argument over whether the Israelis would now retaliate; she said yes (as much a wish as a prediction) and he offered to bet her five dollars that they wouldn't. I agreed with him, mainly because there had been so few casualties and no deaths, but of course I agreed with her that it would be far better if the Israelis did retaliate and that the United States was doing a very dangerous thing in demanding that they exercise "restraint."

Sitting there, my mind went back a couple of months to the first time I had heard about Bush's determination to keep the Israelis from hitting back if Saddam Hussein should make good on his threat to attack them. So outlandish did this seem that I was sure my informant had it wrong—that Bush must have been talking about a preemptive strike by the Israelis, not a retaliatory one. But my informant insisted. He even went on to tell me that in a recent meeting the President had heatedly brushed aside objections to such a policy. How, Bush had been asked, can you demand of the Israelis that they undermine the credibility of their own deterrent by allowing themselves to be attacked with impunity? To this, he had responded with angry expostulations—*They'd just better not. We'll take care of it for them.* Bush simply was not going to allow the Israelis to jeopardize the great coalition he had succeeded in putting together, no matter what.

After the all-clear, we finally manage to get through to Ruthie, who has an amazing story to tell. They too had failed to hear the sirens go off and were only awakened—O strange new world—by a phone call from our son John in *Washington*, who had heard the news of an attack on CNN and wanted to know if we were all OK. Ruthie and Nadav then roused the two boys, hustled them into the master bedroom, and got their masks on, while simultaneously sealing the door and windows, lining the bottom of the door with towels soaked in baking soda, and setting up two crib-like tents covered in heavy plastic with a protective filter for the twins. The two babies screamed in terror, probably from seeing their mother in a gas mask and looking like some kind of monster. The boys too were terrified. Eight-year-old Noam sat on the bed trembling uncontrollably; his five-year-old brother Alon dived under the covers as soon as his mask was on and lay there the whole time not moving a muscle.

I HAVE two appointments this morning with Israeli officials, one for breakfast at eight and the other at eleven, but both call to say that under the circumstances they won't be able to make it. I ask each of them in turn whether Israel will retaliate, but of course neither is prepared to speak freely on an unsecured phone, even assuming that they would be willing to tell me what they know. Still, A. promises to drop by as soon as he can get away.

B., on the other hand, wants to talk now, no doubt because what he wishes to say to me in private is no different from what he and other government spokesmen will be saying in public

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from now on, which is that Israel reserves the right to retaliate and will do so at a time and place of its own choosing. I take this to mean that some kind of action is imminent.

Apart from that, B. expresses astonishment at the American expectation that Israel will stay indefinitely on the sidelines: "If the Americans don't know how to read *us*, how can they ever read our neighbors?" A very interesting question, I remark, and then ask him a much less interesting one in return: "So what's going to happen next?" There will, he says, be more attacks on Israel, and they might well be chemical. But whatever else happens, he hopes that the world will learn a lesson about what Israel is up against and that no "rational person" will ever again press the slogan "land for peace." If we had listened to these people, he says, Saddam Hussein's missiles would now be sitting in the PLO state, eleven miles from the beaches of Tel Aviv. Before hanging up, he startles me a little by saying that I am "privileged" to be here at a time like this and that even the "unpleasantness" of wearing a gas mask is a "valuable experience."

Waiting for A. to show up, I return to CNN, from which I learn that the Palestinians in the West Bank and in Jordan have been rejoicing at the news that Israel was hit. My reaction is disgust, not so much at them as at their apologists and defenders, especially in America. In Israel, at least, a number of these, most notably Yossi Sarid, one of the leading doves in the Knesset, are already becoming disillusioned. Others, however, like the writers Amos Oz and A. B. Yehoshua, are holding on desperately to their position in favor of a Palestinian state with the argument that self-determination is not a reward for good behavior. Furthermore, they argue, what Saddam Hussein's missiles prove is that a territorial buffer like the West Bank can no longer be said to provide security. I fear that the Jewish peaceniks in America will take their lead from the likes of Oz and Yehoshua rather than from the likes of Sarid.

At about 4:30 P.M., A. arrives and proceeds to crush me with a very sour account of the U.S. performance. Because he is so brilliant, and because, given his military background as well as his current position in the government, there is no way I can dismiss him as an arrogant Israeli *besserwisser*, his words about the initial progress of the air campaign put a chill in my blood: "This is not serious work." Despite what has been reported by CNN, he assures me, the Americans have *not* "decimated" the Republican Guard; they have *not* taken out the fixed Scud launchers in Western Iraq, let alone the mobile launchers hiding here and there; they have *not* established air superiority; they have *not* destroyed the Iraqi air force; they have *not* seriously damaged Saddam's command-and-control network.

Stunned, I ask him plaintively if he is sure. He is. Then what's the trouble? One problem, he answers, is that the American pilots fly too high. This is good for staying out of range of the anti-aircraft defenses and hence keeping American losses down, but there is a price to pay. Since a pilot needs to see the target in order to lock a photograph of it into the missile's computer, and since the American pilots aren't getting down low enough to do that, they aren't reaping the full benefits of their smart bombs. Relying on electronic coordinates, which are much less accurate, they just aren't hitting the targets.

A little desperately, I counter this by saying that minimizing losses is very important for us, not only in itself but in order to maintain political support for the war at home. Besides, unlike the Israelis, who have limited resources and therefore need to score the first time around, we can compensate for the disadvantages of flying high by the sheer mass of our power—for instance, in returning to the targets again and again. He shrugs. "Yes, OK, but you drag out the war this way and you give Saddam a chance to win a political victory by claiming that he is holding out against you for longer than Nasser held out against us in 1967. And if Saddam can do this, then instead of defeating Arab radicalism and encouraging Arab moderation, this war will do the opposite."

Just wait, he adds: you will see anti-American demonstrations in the Arab street, not because you are being too cruel to a brother Arab country, which is how your journalists will interpret it, but because you are not being cruel enough. The better the Arabs think Saddam Hussein is doing against you, the more they will support him. Only if they see that he is being humiliated will they desert the sinking ship.

Which brings him to the question of what, exactly, the Americans are up to. To him it looks as though, having so wonderfully assumed the responsiblity for dealing with Saddam Hussein, we are now holding back, on the theory that if we do too much damage to Iraq, there will be a vacuum into which the Syrians, the Iranians, and the Turks may come rushing. He also fears that, guided by the same theory and still mesmerized by the old illusion that Saddam can be "turned," we have no intention of getting rid of him.

ALTOGETHER downcast by now, I admit that this may indeed be our policy. It also occurs to me for the first time that we may be going through a recapitulation of the strategy we pursued in Korea and Vietnam, where we fought not to win but only to restore the status quo ante. And despite Bush's repeated assurances that this will not be another Vietnam—by which he means that he will throw everything we have into it from the very beginning instead of escalating gradually—is it possible that he is falling, perhaps without realizing it, into a speeded-up

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repetition of that very way of fighting? Is he going easy now, in the first few days, in order to intensify the pressure later, just as Lyndon Johnson did over the course of years in Vietnam, in the vain expectation that Hanoi would get the "message" and come to terms? Is there something so inescapably American in this approach that we are unable to avoid it even when determined (as Bush clearly is) to do so?

But suppressing these grim thoughts, I ask A. whether the vacuum argument is really off the wall. What is so wrong with the idea that Iraq should come out of this war too weak to commit further aggressions against its neighbors but not so weak as to invite aggressions against itself?

First of all, he replies, if we reduce Iraq to rubble, the last thing the Syrians and the Iranians are likely to do is risk that fate for themselves by defying us. And as for keeping Saddam in power, it's simply crazy. Even if he is driven out of Kuwait and is much weakened militarily, he will have a chance to rebuild and fight another day, and in the meantime his survival will give heart to the very forces of radicalism it is presumably one of our purposes in fighting this war to undermine.

The only sensible alternative, in his judgment, is for us to smash Iraq the way we smashed Germany in World War II and then to follow up by doing what we also did to Germany—and the rest of Western Europe—after the war. In other words, he wants us to go in and, in a replay of the Marshall Plan, sponsor the democratization and modernization of the entire Middle East, beginning with Iraq itself. With this he loses me. I see no chance that the United States today will either wish or be able to do such a thing. In that case, he says, you will find yourselves forced, whether you like it or not, to intervene militarily again in a few short years.

But for now, he goes on, the Americans are being foolish in urging Israel to stay out of the war. Though the State Department Arabists and their allies in the media are now crowing that the end of the cold war has deprived Israel of whatever value it may have had as a strategic asset, and though they claim that the gulf crisis has exposed Israel as a strategic liability, the joke is on them. Israel has the capability to destroy the Iraqi air force in its underground bunkers and the Americans don't. Israeli pilots are trained to do things like that. They literally spend years preparing for a single mission—this airfield, that installation—and they have special bombs designed to penetrate underground bunkers and the know-how to use them without blowing themselves up in the process. They even have bombs individually tailored for particular airfields. The upshot is that in keeping Israel out, the United States is squandering a precious strategic asset whose deployment would certainly save American lives and help shorten the war—good things in themselves and political necessities to boot.

Then there are the Scuds. The Americans have told us, he says, that they will take care of the Scuds, but we already see that they are not doing a good job. We are confident that we could do better. Again it's a matter of flying low, especially when you're searching for such small and elusive targets—but experience and familiarity with the terrain also come into it.

In addition to air operations, the Israelis could mount commando raids into Western Iraq: they know how to do that kind of thing and approximately where to look for the mobile launchers. So if the Americans would let Israel take care of this problem, they would be free to concentrate on militarily more significant missions.

Why not just do it, then, I ask, even without American permission? Bush and Baker might not like it, but in my opinion a spectacular Israeli operation—especially a commando raid—would undoubtedly delight the American people and make Israel very popular again. Impossible, he replies. Unless the Americans give Israel the so-called "friend or foe" codes, any plane the Israelis send up is liable to get into a dogfight with American planes. Israel's hands are tied.

In general, he is very much bothered by the position Israel has been put into for the first time in its history of being defended by others instead of by itself. Israel has never wanted or asked for American boys to fight, let alone to die, for it; it has asked America only for the tools it needs to do its own fighting. In fact, that is why there are no Patriots in Israel to shoot down incoming Scuds, as there are in Saudi Arabia. Some months ago, when the issue first arose, Washington insisted on sending in American crews to man the Patriots, as was done in Saudi Arabia, and the Israelis refused; they didn't want American soldiers defending them. Finally, after protracted bickering, the Americans gave in. But so complicated is this system that Israeli crews won't be ready to operate it until February.

Over dinner at Ruthie's, I tell them how badly A. thinks the war is going. But it immediately becomes clear that I am making a tactless mistake. They are all so strung out and frustrated and frightened that the last thing they need is this kind of gloomy talk. And as if to kick them while they are down, the sirens begin wailing, and we all rush into the sealed room, where I become part of the scene Ruthie described yesterday: getting our own masks on and helping the two boys into theirs, setting up the gas tents for the babies, closing off the sides and the top of the door with tape and the bottom with towels soaked in baking soda. The boys throw themselves under the covers and the babies howl from behind their plastic enclosures. There is nothing much we can do for the babies, but I try to comfort the boys. As I stroke their heads and murmur reassurance, the turmoil within me is beyond description.

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After about ten minutes the all-clear sounds: it has been a false alarm. Alon, his mask now off, turns to me and says with the special solemnity of a five-year-old: "Saddam Hussein is very *angry*." One-year-old Boaz, still in his gas tent but cheered up by the sight of his mother's face restored to normal, actually grins at me through the thick plastic shield.

Back in the hotel at about 10 P.M., I get A. on the phone, and he tells me not to expect any retaliatory action by Israel—at least not yet. By this time, having had virtually no sleep for the last 24 hours, I am in a state of total exhaustion, but I am also too tense to do more than doze fitfully.

January 19

AROUND 5 A.M., the sirens go off, and up I sprint to the fifth floor where, to my surprise, I find not just the few European journalists who had been there last night but large crowds of people—Israelis, entire families of them, including little children and elderly grandparents, who have come here from Tel Aviv because it's safer. But this too turns out to be a false alarm, and so, gratefully tearing off our masks, we all troop down to our rooms, only to be awakened once more less than two hours later—and this time it's no false alarm. Tel Aviv has been hit yet again, but "only" with conventional explosives, and yet again the casualties have been miraculously light.

Speaking of miracles, I later get another call from A. who will, he says, have to revise his ideas about God in light of what happened this morning. One missile fell right in front of a synagogue in Tel Aviv and failed to explode, but another, which fell in the vicinity of a non-kosher restaurant, did go off. "It looks like He's up there after all, but in that case what the hell is He trying to do?"

I ask him again about retaliation, and he quotes a remark once made by a British diplomat—possibly Ernest Bevin—about when it becomes politically feasible to respond to a provocation: "A reasonable amount of blood has to be shed." How much is reasonable? Neither of us knows, but he suspects it will take perhaps fifty dead, or a chemical attack, before the government can act. So far there has been no public demand, and neither Arik Sharon, nor even anyone to the Right of him, has attempted to whip up popular sentiment.

By now, I have decided that I can't possibly leave Israel tonight, as I am scheduled to do after a week's stay. It would be like deserting under fire. But with no other airline flying, the El Al planes are so crowded that in order to get myself on a later flight I have to resort to pull—what the Israelis call *protektsia*. Even so, the best I can manage is Wednesday night. Well, I tell myself, if I am to stay until the danger passes, I will have to settle here, and since I am no readier to do that than I ever was, it might as well be Wednesday.

In the afternoon, just as I am about to lie down in the hope of getting a little sleep, the phone rings. It's C., who wants to come over for a chat. How can I say no? C. is an old friend of A.'s and was once a colleague of his in the government; he is also a high-ranking reserve officer. Now, although a professor again, he remains privy to a good deal of inside information, and he also knows as much about the Arab world as anyone in Israel, or anywhere else for that matter.

The first thing I ask him when he arrives is whether he agrees with A. about how badly the air campaign is going. He smiles. "A. is never entirely wrong and he is not wrong this time. But as usual his assessment is based on a perfectionist view and his gloom is therefore excessive."

As C. himself sees it, sooner or later the Americans will get around to waging the kind of all-out air campaign A. wants them to wage, if only because Saddam Hussein simply will not permit them to win any other way. But it would be better if they realized this sooner rather than later because A. is certainly right that the longer Saddam holds out, the more his popularity will grow in the Arab world. In fact, C. goes even further than A. in ridiculing the idea that if we really punish Iraq the Arab street will turn against us: the Arab street respects winners, not losers. Nor does C. believe that Iran, Syria, and Turkey will move into the "vacuum" if we totally destroy Iraq's military capability. Just the opposite: seeing what has happened to Iraq will only serve to concentrate their minds. Anyway, if Iraq were to be carved up, that might not be such a tragedy—not that he expects any such thing.

Just as it begins growing dark, C. drives me to Ruthie's and then hurries home to make sure that he doesn't get caught in the street by another attack. The atmosphere at Ruthie's is a little brighter, partly because everyone is getting used to this frightful way of life and partly because Nadav has managed to exchange the boys' masks for a new and better model with a battery-operated filter that makes it easier to breathe. ("Mine is better than yours," Alon rather smugly informs me. As for Noam, he has recovered sufficiently to have figured out what he would do if he were Saddam Hussein: he would put Iraqi military uniforms on all the "Kuwaiti people" and, by marching them out of Kuwait, fool the Americans into thinking he has withdrawn.)

On the other hand, it is now over a week since the kids have been home from school and almost entirely confined to the apartment, and it is several days since Nadav (or anyone else in Israel) has gone to work, so that, in addition to being frazzled with anxiety and short-tempered from lack of sleep, they are all a little stir crazy. Ruthie says that Saddam Hussein's strategy is to break up all

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the marriages in Israel and get all the mothers to murder their children.

Today the Patriots have come, complete with American crews. Obviously, the Shamir government finally gave in on the issue of allowing American soldiers to risk their lives defending Israel on Israeli soil because the alternative was to have no defense at all against the Scuds; and just as obviously Bush was doing this as part of his effort to keep the Israelis from doing anything themselves. I agree with A. that it is a dangerous precedent for Israel. Yet at the same time, watching the news on TV, I am amazed at how good I feel, as an American, at the sight of those American soldiers come to help Israel.

Back at the hotel I collapse, but almost as soon as I have dozed off I am awakened by another alarm, which turns out to be false. For the rest of the night, I sleep fitfully again, waiting for the siren that never sounds.

January 20

A succession of visitors today, with each of whom I go over much the same ground in turn. No one has anything new or especially illuminating to say, but I am left with the impression that many people here are a bit thrown by all the praise Israel is getting for its "restraint" in not retaliating against Saddam Hussein. Being forced to take a first strike originally generated a combination of anger and fear that Israel would pay heavily in the future for letting Saddam get away with attacking it. For the time being, however, the Israelis find themselves becoming popular again for the first time in years, and so hungry are they for a good word from the outside world that it seems to be pushing them, against all expectation (including their own), into support of the policy of restraint.

D., a cantankerous old Revisionist who worships the memory of Jabotinsky, is an exception. The way his fellow Israelis are lapping up the approval of the world is, he sneers, the sign of a pathetic weakness. They don't seem to understand that the real reason Israel is so popular now is that the world is happier with Jews as victims over whom it can weep than with Jews as fighters with whom it must reckon.

I grant that he has a point, but I wonder aloud whether something good may not also be at work here. *Something good?* Well, I press on, take the maps of the region that are constantly being shown on television. Looking at those maps hour after hour, night after night, millions of Americans must surely have been astonished to discover how tiny Israel is. In fact, Israel is so small that you can hardly locate it in the vast ocean of surrounding Arab countries. What then will become of its image as the great swaggering regional superpower throwing its weight around and threatening its Arab neighbors?

And what will become of the correlative idea that Israel is "paranoid" about its security and doesn't really need as much military aid as it keeps asking us for? Can such an idea survive the vivid demonstration of Israel's vulnerability to attack? Besides, how will anyone ever again be able to dismiss Israel as paranoid about its security needs when it has so much smaller a military force than we Americans have felt it necessary to mobilize against only *one* of the nineteen Arab states that are still officially at war with Israel?

As for the West Bank and Gaza, my guess is that many Americans used to imagine that they were very far away from Israel, like the old American West, and that the Palestinians were like the Indians pitted against settlers and soldiers out to rob them of their land. While this may have inclined some Americans to greater indentification and sympathy with the Israelis, for others, especially liberals, it would have had the opposite effect. Now, however, all these people are learning for the first time that the "territories" make up an even tinier sliver of land than Israel itself and that they are to New York not as New Mexico but as New Jersey.

And finally, I say, there is the fact that the PLO has sided with Saddam Hussein against America, and there is the sight of Palestinians in the West Bank calling on him to gas the Israelis and then (giving a new dimension to the concept of *chutzpah*) demanding that the Israeli government supply them with free masks. How will that affect the pressures on Israel to allow the Palestinians a state of their own only a stone's throw away from Tel Aviv and Jerusalem?

All D. can do upon hearing this uncharacteristically upbeat assessment is shake his head. He has never before known me to be so optimistic, and he trusts that I will get over it soon enough.

Thanks to a blast from Ruthie a few hours later, I do. Why, she demands, is the United States treating Israel as an embarrassment while cozying up to murderous Arab regimes like Syria and—yes—Saudi Arabia? (If truth be told, her opinion of Egypt isn't so high, either.) Why aren't we standing together openly as the "good guys"? Isn't the United States supposed to favor democracies over dictatorships? Since she knows the answer as well as I do, and since I agree with her anyway, I make no attempt to calm her down. But her anguish gets to me.

January 21

After the first real sleep I have had since my arrival—the only Scud attacks last night having been launched against Saudi Arabia rather than Israel—I spend most of the day being interviewed by Israeli journalists. Mainly they want to know what I am doing here and why why so many other American Jews have either fled Israel or canceled their plans to come—

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a development that has caused great bitterness among all classes and types of Israelis. The American Jews, the Israelis are declaring, don't hesitate to intervene in our political debates on the ground that we are one people, but the minute we find ourselves in danger they find reasons not to expose themselves to it. (Actually, though, in the last day or two, the situation has changed, and more and more American Jews, perhaps stung by this criticism, are beginning to show up here.)

January 22

THOUGH last night passed without an attack, I still got very little sleep thanks to the ferocious return of the cold I had only recently shaken. This has set me up nicely for a visit from another old friend, E., one of the few journalists in Israel who is not a leftist.

If Ruthie had not already shattered the optimism which took hold of me yesterday, E.'s visit would have done the trick. Why, he wonders, are the Americans so determined to keep Israel out of the war? The real reason, he thinks, has little if anything to do with holding the coalition together. After all, the Egyptians, the Saudis, the Kuwaitis, and even the Syrians have said repeatedly that Israel has a right to defend itself and that they won't leave the coalition if Israel retaliates. Nor do the Americans really believe that Israel can't contribute anything significant to the war effort; on the contrary, it's more likely that they are afraid of being shown up by the Israelis. But even that isn't the main thing, which in his opinion involves the postwar settlement. By one means or another—whether through an international conference or some alternative mechanism—Bush and Baker are intent on forcing Israel into withdrawing from the territories in favor of a Palestinian state. In preparation for this, they now want to turn Israel into a dependent while demonstrating that the Israelis can rely for their security on an American guarantee. Bush talks about a "new world order," but the way it looks to E., "The only new order will be on our flesh."

This sounds so plausible that all I can muster is a feeble demurral which he dismisses with a mixture of amusement and contempt.

On his way home he drops me at Ruthie's, where I get caught by another Scud attack, this one at the unusally early hour of 8:30 P.M. Both the boys and the babies take it better than they did the last time I was in the sealed room with them. I don't—especially when the news comes that this has been the most damaging attack yet (70-odd injured and several dead) and, to make matters worse, that the Patriots were fired and missed.

January 23

I HAVE spent my last day saying goodbye to everyone and chewing over most of the same arguments again. Waiting at Ben-Gurion airport to board the plane that will carry me home, I reflect on how different this flight seems from the one that brought me here eleven days ago. Although we were then traveling from safety into danger, the highly charged atmosphere in the El Al terminal at Kennedy airport paradoxically reminded me of one of those old movies featuring the "last train" out of a war zone. But for some reason, here at Ben-Gurion airport, no such electricity is in the air.

Now, about two hours into the long flight to New York, the pilot announces that a Scud missile aimed at Tel Aviv has just been intercepted and destroyed by a Patriot. Happy to be heading home and yet simultaneously bothered again by the feeling that I am deserting under fire, I don't join in the cheers and applause that greet this announcement. I am also still worried about the price that Israel may be forced to pay for having American soldiers defending it.

Nevertheless my soul, ignoring these considerations and blithely drawing its own conclusions, does a private little dance at the thought that the United States and Israel are in some sense now standing shoulder to shoulder together, and all at once I am suffused with the conviction—sweeter and finer and deeper than the transient optimism that overtook me as I was arguing with D. the other day—that all in the end will be well: that in spite of everything my pessimistic Israeli friends have been telling me about our performance and our intentions, the United States will stay the course until Iraq's military machine is destroyed and Saddam himself is out of power as well as out of Kuwait, and that George Bush, having surprised so many of us so many times already, will surprise us yet again by doing right by Israel. Enraptured by this vision, I can hardly wait to find out in the months ahead whether it represents a temporary grant of prophetic foresight or the wishful delusion of a loving fool.

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Iraq's German Connection

Michael Ledeen

On January 31, 1991 Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher of Germany addressed the Bundestag on the matter of the Gulf War. Genscher was still shaken from his trip to Israel a week earlier, when Israeli authorities had shown him German components of the Soviet-manufactured Scud missiles that had fallen on Tel Aviv and Haifa. Without the expert assistance of the Germans, he was told, the Scuds would have been unable to reach Israeli soil from Iraq. He had publicly apologized to the Israeli people, and promised to take stern action upon his return to Germany. Now speaking to his own parliament, he was quick to assert Germany's concern:

> In view of the terrible threat to Israel, historical and moral responsibility especially attach us Germans to the Jewish people. In this situation which threatens Israel's existence, we stand by Israel's side without any reservation. For thirty years Germany has not authorized arms exports to Iraq. However, Germans who broke our laws and misled the authorities participated in Saddam Hussein's poison-gas production. All of society must ostracize them.

Genscher's speech was a monument to hypocrisy. For well over a decade, hundreds—possibly even thousands—of German businessmen, scientists, and middlemen had played the key role in Iraq's $50-billion program to produce weapons of mass destruction. The best estimates of the American government suggest that roughly 70 percent of Iraq's nuclear, chemical, and biological capacity was provided by Germans. About all this the German government knew in detail. How could it not, since the German, British, American, Spanish, and Dutch media had been reporting the story for years?

German involvement with Iraq's *chemical-weapons* programs started in 1977, and three years later construction began on a "pesticide plant" at Samarra. As German engineers would later tell reporters, it was clear from the outset that this was no normal project, given the extraordinary security measures, the barbed-wire fences, and the armed guards that were in place almost as soon as the foundations were laid; in the words of one German engineer, the "pesticide" was to be used on "two-legged insects." Recent German press reports even speak of gas chambers "for large animals" specially built for the Samarra project by German firms. The key technologies for Samarra came from four German companies: Karl Kolb and its subsidiary, Pilot Plant; Water Engineering Trading (WET) of Hamburg; and Preussag AG.

This was hardly classified information. The New York *Times* reported extensively about German poison-gas plants in Iraq in 1984—the year Samarra became operational—as did the German press following the first use of chemical weapons by Iraq against Iran that same year. But Martin Bangemann, the Economics Minister at the time, dismissed all this as "professional jealousy" on the part of the Americans. Bangemann, like each Economics Minister after him, was a member of the Free Democratic party (FDP) headed by Hans-Dietrich Genscher.

In the early 90's, after some ten years of German involvement, and after a torrent of international and domestic criticism, the German government undertook an investigation of Samarra. A Swiss expert, Professor Werner Richarz, was hired to determine if Samarra had indeed been "specially built" for chemical-weapons manufacture. Richarz said unequivocally that it had, and provided the additional information that, thanks to German technology, Iraq was now manufacturing the poison gas tabun and highly concentrated prussic acid as well. (Prussic acid is used to destroy filters in gas masks.) But even this was not enough to produce action against the four large companies—or the many others involved on a smaller scale.

Iraq's other main chemical-weapons project—at Salman Pak, just 30 kilometers south of Baghdad on the banks of the Tigris—was also headed by a German firm, Thyssen Rheinstahl Technology (TRT). The code name of this operation was the "Diyala Project," and along with chemical weapons, an array of biological weapons such as anthrax, cholera, and typhoid agents was manufactured in substantial quantities in laboratories

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built by TRT. According to a recent report in the German weekly *Stern*, as many as 1,000 tons of such chemicals were produced.

In order to get the contract, TRT had to sign an unusually stringent "Israel clause," certifying that Thyssen had no relations with Israel, did not manufacture anything there, had no representation in Israel, did not permit the use of its name in Israel, and provided neither advice nor know-how to Israeli companies. The report in *Stern* speculates that the Iraqis were trying desperately to prevent Israel from learning about the project, which was located just six miles from the Osirak nuclear plant that Israeli bombers destroyed in 1981.

In addition to chemical-weapons technology, Germany also took the lead in helping Iraq develop bigger and better *missiles*. Most notorious has been the huge Sa'ad-16 Project, which for years the Iraqis pretended was a research facility associated with the university at Mosul. Costing more than three-quarters of a billion dollars, Sa'ad-16 included advanced wind tunnels, electronics workshops, manufacturing facilities for missile parts, and assembly plants for the missiles themselves. The general contractor for Sa'ad-16 was, as usual, a German company, in this case Gildemeister Projecta Limited. And Gildemeister Projecta's most important subcontractor was Messerschmidt-Boelkow-Blohn (MBB) of Munich, the internationally-known manufacturer of fighter planes, anti-tank missiles, and full-scale ballistic missiles. MBB equipped the laboratories for testing Iraqi missiles. Evidently, MBB managers had some misgivings about this project because they kept it secret from members of their own board; the trade-union representative on the board only learned of MBB's involvement when he read about it in the newspapers. Notwithstanding all the eventual publicity, the German Economics Minister announced in August 1990 that there was probably not enough evidence to indict MBB.

No newcomer to the Iraqi missile business, MBB was also the lead contractor in the international consortium that had financed the Condor project in the early 1980's. The Condor was a short-range missile developed in Argentina and destined for sale to Egypt and Iraq. In 1985, under public pressure, MBB officially withdrew from the Condor project, but key personnel were simply transferred over to a new (Swiss) company named Consen, where they continued work on Condor II, a longer-range missile that could reach Israel from Iraq with a 500-kilogram warhead. MBB was also involved both in the manufacture of "hot" anti-tank missiles and in the Iraq anti-aircraft system known as "Roland." Finally, MBB shipped civilian helicopters from Germany to Spain where they were fitted with Swiss-made Oerlikon cannons and then sent on to Iraq. To this day MBB denies any knowledge that its civilian helicopters were going to be transformed into attack helicopters, even though it owns 11 percent of CASA, the Spanish company that did the work.

German companies were also crucial to the construction of the huge manufacturing facility at Taji, Iraq, the largest *weapons* complex in the Middle East. It was at Taji that Saddam Hussein initiated "Project Babylon," a visionary supergun program that, if completed, would have given the Iraqis a long-range cannon capable of launching chemical or nuclear artillery shells one meter in diameter into Israeli, Jordanian, and possibly even Egyptian cities.

But "Babylon" was only the most dramatic project among dozens in full swing at Taji. A giant steel mill was built by the Kloeckner company starting in 1984, under contract to the NASSR Establishment for Mechanical Industries. NASSR is not a normal commercial establishment but a department of Iraq's Ministry of War, and the "steel mill" was a factory for manufacturing cannons. In 1988, the Iraqis turned to another German company, Ferrostaal, to build them a "universal smelting plant" at Taji which the German government subsequently discovered was going to manufacture artillery pieces. And these cases are just the tip of the iceberg; more than 100 German companies were involved in the Taji project alone.

Then there is the matter of the Iraqi *nuclear* program. Until the Israelis destroyed the Osirak reactor in 1981, France was the primary supplier of nuclear technology to Iraq. But then the emphasis shifted to Germany. The Germans helped both with raw materials and with sophisticated hardware: a company appropriately named Nukem sold uranium, and several others helped out with the technology. H&H Metallform supplied the machine tools necessary to manufacture very high-speed ultracentrifuges, which in turn can enrich Uranium-235 sufficiently to transform it into weapons-grade material. Export-Union GmbH is currently under investigation for providing special steel for nuclear technology to Iraq's Technical Corps, a department for highly classified military projects that reported directly to Saddam Hussein. German assistance to the Iraqi nuclear program continued even after the invasion and annexation of Kuwait in August 1991; and there is evidence suggesting that a full three weeks after the Gulf War began in January, German companies were still actively engaged in shipping nuclear technology to Iraq via Pakistan.

THERE is no doubt that the German government knew about these activities. On a visit to Baghdad in November 1987, Genscher asked the Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein to intervene to save the life of a German citizen of Iraqi origin, Kasar Al Khadi, who had been sentenced to death as a German spy. A plea of clemency had also arrived from German President Richard von Weizäcker. For once, Saddam Hus-

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sein showed mercy: Al Khadi's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and shortly thereafter he was released and returned to Germany. Last summer, Al Khadi was arrested in Germany, facing charges of involvement in the shipping of German technology to the vast Iraqi poison-gas complex in Samarra and elsewhere.

American information about Samarra—William Webster, the Director of Central Intelligence, testified publicly in March 1989 that the plant produced "the blister agent mustard and the nerve agents tabun and sarin," and that "several types of weapons, including bombs and artillery shells and rockets, have been filled with these agents"—had been shared with the German government for many years, in the hope that it would do something to block the technology pipeline to Iraq. The Germans had also been informed by Israel, and, we may safely presume, by the likes of Al Khadi, as well. Even though the BND (the German CIA) has denied extensive press reports that Al Khadi was working for them, it is hard to imagine that the German Foreign Minister and the German President would directly and personally intervene on behalf of someone who was not rendering services to the German government. And it would be incredible if he were not extensively questioned and investigated upon his release from death row in Baghdad.

Nor was Al Khadi the only German with possible links to the BND who was up to his neck in illegal trafficking with Baghdad. Last July Peter Leifer, the manager of the Water Engineering Trading (WET) of Hamburg, was arrested on charges of trading with Iraq in poison-gas technology; Leifer was on the BND staff in Iraq for four years, beginning in 1986.

If top officials in the German government knew generally what was going on, they also knew the specifics of at least some cases, even before there were any criminal investigations. As recently as January 1990, the BND informed the Foreign Ministry that an official "risk guarantee" for a million dollars had been issued, covering the various valves, intake jets, pumps, pressure tanks, and testing equipment necessary for the program to improve the range of Scud missiles. Thus, Genscher's own ministry was formally advised of the German Scud improvement program about a year before he went to Tel Aviv to apologize for it and act as if he had not known.

Already by early 1989 the American government had approached the Germans roughly 150 times to warn about the transfer of dangerous technology to countries like Iraq, Syria, Iran, and Libya. Nearly half of the warnings concerned Iraq, yet with rare exceptions, these demarches from American diplomats—some of them made directly to Foreign Minister Genscher—were ignored. The Germans acted as if the Americans were simply trying to stop Germany from engaging in international commerce, and scoffed at suggestions that German firms were in violation of international agreements and standards to which Germany had subscribed.*

As if Germany's astonishingly weak penalties and vague laws were not bad enough in themselves, neither the judiciary nor the bureaucracy, in the form of the professional civil service and the politicians, was inclined to enforce them. A recent court decision offers insight into the general attitude of the judiciary: a Freiburg businessman who had supplied *nuclear* technology to Pakistan in 1985 was sentenced to eight months on probation because the judges said that state control authorities made it very easy for him to commit the crime.

As for the bureaucracy, anyone tempted to take some initiative to punish illegal exporters would quickly discover that there was no political reward to be gained, and considerable risk. If the likes of Genscher were clearly on the side of wide-open exports, what could a lower-level civil servant, let alone a lower-ranking political figure, hope to achieve? And there is a feature of German law that acted as a further inhibitor: any bureaucrat denying permission to export could be—and often was—sued by the exporter, and if a judge found the denial unwarranted, the penalty would fall directly upon the civil servant. Rare indeed was the government official who would risk saying "no" to a German exporter, especially to such a powerful one as MBB.

In any event, even the most vigorous bureaucrat would have been able to exercise discretion only over *declared* exports; he would have had no way to detect, let alone block, the illegal or falsified exports that have comprised the bulk of the shipments to Iraq. For as a matter of official policy the German government does not conduct preshipment inspections or end-user checks, nor does it conduct post-shipment inspections to make sure that the exports have actually gone where they were supposed to, and are being used in the manner promised by the exporter. Without such verification, no law—and the German government is now busily "tightening up" its export laws—can prevent the export of technologies for weapons

* In 1989, the scandal over the German-built Libyan chemical-weapons plant at Rabta was exposed by the New York *Times*. The key figure in the design and construction of the Rabta facility was a German businessman by the name of Jürgen Hippenstiel-Imhausen. In the wake of the Rabta scandal, dozens of German companies were identified as primary suppliers of technology, spare parts, software, and know-how to Rabta and other projects in Libya, yet to date only Imhausen has been prosecuted, and he was sentenced to a mere five years in prison—the maximum penalty for illegal arms deals—and was permitted to keep the more than $40 million in profits he made from the deal. Incredibly, after the Libya scandal, German export standards were actually watered down. See my article, "The Curious Case of Chemical Weapons," COMMENTARY, July 1989.

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of mass destruction. What this suggests is that Genscher and his followers—for it is always the Free Democrats who control the Economics Ministry—have been less than serious about stopping the evil they were delivering into the hands of Saddam Hussein. Indeed, the new Economics Minister, Jürgen Möllemann, is a founder of the German-Arab Friendship Association and a personal friend of Qaddafi and Arafat.

THE remaining question has to do with motive: why have so many German businessmen, scientists, middlemen, and political leaders engaged so persistently in behavior which has earned them the opprobrium of the civilized world? And to this may be added a second question: why, for so long, has there been no public outcry from the German people?

The obvious answer to both questions is greed. Saddam Hussein was able to buy a lot of German souls by giving them a cut of his $50 billion. Like Mephistopheles in Goethe's great fable, he was able to make a Faustian pact with Germany. The Germans gave their entrepreneurial energies, their scientific know-how and technology, and their superb engineering and manufacturing skills to the Iraqi devil, knowing full well what they were doing and what the consequences would be.

And the fact of the matter is that Iraq was just one aspect of a far larger pattern. Throughout the past two decades, Germany has been the greatest source of illegal diversions of sensitive technology not just to the Arab Middle East but to the Soviet Union and its allies and satellites. Despite Germany's verbal commitment to the West, and its ostensible participation in the American-led effort to control high technology, it regularly and flagrantly violated those controls, and constantly pushed to weaken them.

The leader in this relentless drive was—once again—Hans-Dietrich Genscher. He and former Chancellor Willy Brandt convinced the majority of their countrymen that Germany's unique destiny placed it outside the rules of the East-West struggle; by serving as a "bridge" between the two blocs, Germany could "transcend" the division of the world and, not least, of Germany itself. This seductive rationalization sealed the Faustian pact, covering the selling of the German soul with an idealistic vision of a higher good. The Scuds that fell on Israel are the perfect symbols of that moral corruption: weapons of destruction from the Soviet empire, perfected by the Germans.

Is there any hope of a change? The prospects among the German political class are poor, yet an amazing transformation of German public opinion did take place when Scud missiles began hitting Tel Aviv and Haifa. A population that had originally demonstrated in the hundreds of thousands against the Gulf War, and condemned the United States (!) for the outbreak of hostilities, suddenly rallied to the side of the Jewish state and endorsed the justness of the Allied cause. But whether this change of heart will lead to a reform of German trade practices only time can tell, and only a dreamer would be optimistic.

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The Right to Misquote

Gertrude Himmelfarb

It is not often that the Supreme Court is presented with a case in which the evidence consists of such titillating remarks, allegedly made by the plaintiff, as his likening himself to "an intellectual gigolo," desiring to convert Anna Freud's house, the repository of the Freud Archives, into "a place of sex, women, fun," and anticipating being acclaimed "the greatest analyst who ever lived"—after Freud, to be sure.

These are among the quotations attributed to Jeffrey Masson by Janet Malcolm in two articles in the *New Yorker* in December 1983 and in her book *In the Freud Archives* published by Knopf the following year. Masson denies having made these statements and charges that they are malicious and libelous. Malcolm claims that he did make them although they do not appear on her tapes, and in any event that they are neither malicious nor libelous because they accurately reflect other comments by Masson that do appear on the tapes. (The other defendants in the suit are the *New Yorker* and Knopf.)

The Court will, of course, address itself primarily to the legal issue of libel, but it cannot avoid raising other matters of concern to historians and biographers as well as journalists, and to the public as well as the professional and commercial interests—publishers, editors, writers, broadcasters—who have an obvious stake in this case (and who have filed *amicus* briefs in support of the defendants). One intriguing issue, which loomed large in the oral argument before the Supreme Court (as it did in the earlier decision of the Court of Appeals), involves the distinctive character of a quotation and the propriety of altering or inventing a quotation, however similar it might seem to views expressed in other words.

To the Court the question is one of legal propriety. Does the altered or invented quotation give rise to the charge of malice and thus libel? To the public the question is one of moral propriety. Do writers have the right to alter or invent quotations, thus not only misrepresenting their subjects but deceiving their readers? And beyond this moral issue is the still larger "metaphysical" issue, as the New York *Times* called it, of "the nature of truth itself." Is there any essential difference between quotation and interpretation (as conveyed by means of paraphrase), or between a quotation denoting the literal truth of what was actually said and one connoting a "higher," "deeper," or more "essential" truth of what was presumably meant?

If the case has ramifications that go well beyond the legal issue, it also has intriguing personal elements that the public, if not the Justices of the Court, may find relevant. (Since some of these personal details are contained in the briefs themselves, the Justices may choose to disregard them but cannot be ignorant of them.) There is, for example, Masson's account (which appears on tape and is cited in the Petition for Certiorari) of how he first became interested in psychoanalysis. He had an unusual career, first as a professor of Sanskrit, then as a psychoanalyst and a director of the Freud Archives, and finally as a prominent critic of Freudianism. But long before, while still a student at Harvard, he had realized that he was "very neurotic," having a compulsion to sleep "with every woman I could meet." It was to cure that "total promiscuity," he told Malcolm, that he entered therapy and thus became acquainted with psychoanalysis. He also told her that he had slept with "close to a thousand" women, something "between 700 and 1,300." It is not clear how much of this number was reached before he entered therapy, but he evidently remained something of a womanizer throughout his career—which may have a bearing on the "intellectual gigolo" quote, as well as on his subsequent disaffection with psychoanalysis (assuming that psychoanalysis failed to cure his own neurosis).

Malcolm's history is equally curious, and has an even more curious bearing on this case (although this does not emerge in the briefs). Five years after the publication of her book on Masson, and about the time that the Court of Appeals was hearing the case, Malcolm wrote another two-part series of articles in the *New Yorker* which was also later published as a book, *The Journalist and the Murderer*. This is a scathing critique of an-

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other journalist, Joe McGinniss, who had written a book about another doctor, Jeffrey MacDonald, who had been convicted of murdering his wife and two children. McGinniss, Malcolm claimed, had deliberately and duplicitously gained the confidence of MacDonald by giving him the impression that he believed in his innocence, only to portray him as guilty in his book. McGinniss's *Fatal Vision* was published several months before Malcolm's *In the Freud Archives*; MacDonald brought suit against McGinniss, as Masson did against Malcolm. The notable difference between the two was that the suit against Masson was decided in Malcolm's favor, whereas that against McGinniss ended in a hung jury; it was settled afterward by a $325,000 payment to MacDonald (although McGinniss conceded no wrong).

Malcolm's book on McGinniss opens with a powerful indictment not so much of McGinniss as of the entire journalistic profession—her profession as well as his. "Every journalist who is not too stupid or too full of himself to notice what is going on knows that what he does is morally indefensible. He is a kind of confidence man, preying on people's vanity, ignorance, or loneliness, gaining their trust and betraying them without remorse." It does not take a trained psychoanalyst to interpret this passage (and the book as a whole) as a form of self-confession and self-accusation, since this precisely describes Malcolm's own relationship with Masson. In an afterword to the book, Malcolm denies this; but again it does not take a psychoanalyst to interpret that denial in psychoanalytic terms, a denial of reality that is a covert admission of the reality. (The whole of Malcolm's book, including the afterword, is heavily psychoanalytic, so that she can hardly object—although she does—to being psychoanalyzed in turn.)*

If the McGinniss book reveals, as Malcolm pretentiously puts it, "the canker that lies at the heart of the rose of journalism," Malcolm's book on Masson may reveal a far more lethal canker. For it raises the issue not only of the misrepresentation involved in gaining the confidence of the subject, thus inducing him to say more than he would otherwise have said, but the misrepresentation in attributing quotations to the subject, thus making him appear to say more than he did say. Malcolm accuses McGinniss of betraying his subject. But if she herself, as Masson charges, significantly altered or invented quotations, she betrayed her subject twice over. (The key word is "significantly"; no one is questioning the propriety of correcting a grammatical lapse or deleting the "ahems" and "ers.") And if she did do that, she betrayed her readers as well, conning them into thinking that the quotations they were reading represented the actual words of the subject.

It is Malcolm herself, speaking of the "morally indefensible" behavior of journalists, the self-induced "state of moral anarchy" in which they work, who invites us to consider the moral aspect of her own case. And the appeals court decision suggests the grounds for such a consideration. In upholding the original decision against Masson, the court explained that it based its ruling on the assumption (which Malcolm herself does not concede) that the challenged quotations were "deliberately altered," but found that they were not libelous because they were a "rational interpretation" and "substantive equivalent" of comments made by him as recorded on the tape.

The "intellectual gigolo" remark, for example, appears in the account of Masson's relations with the other directors of the Freud Archive, Kurt Eissler and Anna Freud, and his sense of how they regarded him. Malcolm quotes him as saying: "I was like an intellectual gigolo—you get your pleasure from him, but you don't take him out in public." This, the court argued, is substantively equivalent to Masson's actual words recorded on tape:

> They felt, in a sense, I was a private asset but a public liability. They liked me when I was alone in their living room, and I could talk and chat and tell them the truth about things and they would tell me. But that I was, in a sense, much too junior within the hierarchy of analysis, for these important training analysts to be caught dead with me.

The court also found evidence of the sexual connotation of the gigolo metaphor in other of Masson's comments, such as his claim to having "charmed" Eissler and Anna Freud.

In his dissenting opinion, Judge Alex Kozinski denied that the substantive content of the taped remarks is equivalent to the "intellectual gigolo" quotation. The latter connotes "someone who forsakes intellectual integrity in exchange for pecuniary or other gain"; but nothing on the tapes suggests this. Nor is the sexual implication of gigolo borne out in Masson's description of his relations with Eissler and Anna Freud. (It might also be said that a gigolo, so far from being "a private asset but a public liability," is quite the reverse—an escort hired for public occasions but not a personal friend or intimate.) The more fundamental issue, however, Kozinski insisted, is "the meaning of quotations." Quotation marks are meant to signify the actual words of the speaker, not the interpretation, however "rational," of the commentator. The latter is normally conveyed by paraphrase, which alerts the reader to the possibility of bias. Quotations, on the other

* A psychoanalyst can have a field day with these two books, starting with the fact that they both feature Jeffreys, both of whom are doctors, and both of whom are notably charming, articulate, and sophisticated—yet incredibly naive in relation to their confessors/exposers.

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hand, have an "immediacy and resulting credibility" lacking in a paraphrase, which is why reviewers of Malcolm's book (quoted by Kozinski) made a point of saying that it was not Malcolm but Masson who, by "his own words," convicted himself of vanity, arrogance, egotism, and the other disagreeable qualities that emerged from her account. Judge Kozinski concluded that there is nothing in the First Amendment to support the premise of the majority decision: "the right to deliberately alter quotations."

KOZINSKI'S argument was echoed in the hearing before the Supreme Court. A direct quotation, Chief Justice Rehnquist observed, "can hit a lot harder" than a paraphrase. Justice Scalia agreed: by taking his own "byline" off the statement, by taking himself "out of the picture," the author prevents his readers from making allowance for a possibly "erroneous judgment" on his part. The difference between direct quotation and paraphrase, Justice Kennedy remarked, is the difference between someone saying, "I am a racist," and a third person saying, "He is a racist." The lawyer for the defense tried to return the discussion to the subject of malice as the only pertinent issue before the Court. Yet the larger issue—the moral propriety of rendering interpretation as quotation—lingers over the case.

That issue is prominent in the *amicus* briefs submitted in support of Masson. To legitimize misquotation, they argue, would do a disservice not only to the individuals who are misquoted but to the very principle of free speech, because it would undermine the credibility of the media and increase the already considerable degree of public skepticism. It would also have a chilling effect upon the press by discouraging public figures from speaking to journalists, knowing that anything they say might be distorted while being attributed to them as a direct quotation. The "breathing space" required for free speech is sufficiently provided by paraphrase and indirect quotation. Thus the fabrication of direct quotations, so far from encouraging the free and open discussion that is the purpose of the First Amendment, actually inhibits and thwarts that freedom.

The briefs in support of the defendants naturally emphasize the legal issue of malice and libel; the business of the courts, one brief forcibly maintains, is not the imposing of ethical standards on journalists but only the enforcement of the laws of libel. Yet their arguments sometimes carry them beyond that. One claims that a great latitude in quotation (or misquotation) is required, lest freedom of speech be brought to "a grinding halt." Another worries that a strict standard of verbatim quotation would "strike at the core of the docudrama genre"; by that standard neither Plato's *Apology* nor Shakespeare's *Henry VI* would be permissible.

If the *Apology* and *Henry VI* can be invoked in support of *All the President's Men*, one need not be surprised to find Barbara Tuchman cited on behalf of Janet Malcolm. One brief quotes Tuchman on the unsatisfactory evidence produced by tape recorders (there is just too much of it, and too much of it is trivia), and on the awkwardness in the use of a tape recorder, especially for a woman accustomed to a more personal approach. The brief also cites a guide to the writing of nonfiction by the historian William Zinsser, who reminds writers that they have a duty to their readers as well as their subjects. While they must not misrepresent the view of their subjects, neither must they bore their readers. "Play with the 'quotes' by all means—selecting, rejecting, thinning, transposing their order, saving a good one for the end. Just make sure that the play is fair. Don't change any words or let the cutting of a sentence distort the proper context of what remains." But if Zinsser's "quotes," in quotation marks, suggests a lax view of quotations, such as might support Malcolm's case, the injunction, "Don't change any words," might tell against her.

AMONG the *amici* joining in this brief—together with Time Inc., various associations of writers, editors, publishers, broadcasters, and the American Civil Liberties Union—are two highly regarded historians: Edmund Morris, author of a biography of Theodore Roosevelt and a forthcoming authorized biography of Ronald Reagan; and David McCullough, author of several works in recent American history and of a forthcoming biography of Harry Truman. In an op-ed piece in the Washington *Post* on January 13, 1991 (the day before the case was argued before the Supreme Court), Morris carried the issue still further—beyond the legal question of malice and the constitutional question of freedom of speech, beyond the practical exigencies of conducting interviews and keeping the reader's interest, to the high ground of truth, thus warranting the New York *Times*'s remark that this case was about the "metaphysical" nature of "truth itself."

A scholar, Morris concedes, might well deplore Malcolm's decision to put "unspoken words in quotation marks." But there are occasions when even a scholar can and should engage in "honest distortion"—not only (as Zinsser argued) to avoid dullness and redundancy, but "to make the truth more clear." "Spoken words," as transcribed from tape recorder or shorthand notes, are themselves only an "approximation of the truth," Morris explains, for they do not convey the "meaning beyond their meaning." "Honest distortion" may capture that meaning as literal rendition may not. Like the artist who deliberately curves a line to make it appear straighter than a straight line, so the biographer has to use interpretation to elicit the truth. The biographer, Morris quotes Descartes, is an "artist on oath." "Our private cov-

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enant," Morris continues, "unenforceable by law—but easily cramped by law—is to interpret the truth as we hear it and to be answerable in our interpretation to the only judges the Constitution allows to punish us: our readers."

Since no one has challenged the "interpretation" that appears in the form of paraphrase, the use of the term here can only refer to the interpretation involved in altering quotations so that they are more meaningful, closer to the "truth," than a literal transcription from tape recorders or shorthand notes. And since "private covenant," as Morris says later in the article, does not mean either a covenant with the subject of the book or with the buyer, it evidently means the author's convenant with himself. The "ultimate test" of a writer's success, Morris concludes, is "saying something—or quoting something—that a majority of readers 'can't help but believe.'" This (echoing the famous dictum of Oliver Wendell Holmes) "is about the nearest we'll ever get to the essence of things."

If we have come close to "the essence of things," we have also come a long way from normal discourse, where "interpretation" is distinguished from "quotation," where "distortion," however "honest," is differentiated from "truth," and where the "scholar" does not claim the liberties of the "creative artist." It must also be said, however, that if all this is far from normal discourse, it is not far from current academic discourse. If fact, it bears a striking resemblance to the theory and practice of deconstruction.

It is deconstruction (in some institutions past its prime but in others only now coming into prominence) that taught a generation of literary critics that there is no "text" apart from interpretation, that the author has no more "authority" than the critic, that there is no objective reality, only an "invented" or "imagined" reality. Historians, eager to be on the "cutting edge" of their discipline, soon discovered that history too could be deconstructed, that the "events" of the past have no objective reality, that they are no more than texts to be interpreted, invented, or imagined by the historian. And as with literature and history, so with the law; if events and texts have no reality or authority, then statutes, precedents, and constitutional principles are equally indeterminate. In one discipline after another, the deconstructionists promise to do what the Marxists before them had tried to do: to "demystify" received truth and to liberate us from the tyranny of "facticity."

One is not surprised to find this mode of thought expressed in the pages of academic journals; indeed, it is all too banal there. It comes as something of a shock, however, to find echoes of it in a case before the Supreme Court—all the more so because one suspects that those arguing in this manner are not aware of just how fashionable, how sophisticated, how "academic" their arguments are.

Perhaps it is just as well. The Court has enough to do without passing judgment, as it were, upon deconstruction. And the language of the law is sufficiently obscure without being further obfuscated by the notoriously opaque language of deconstruction. One can imagine a discussion in the inner sanctum of the Court on the subject of "mystification." Who is "mystifying" or "demystifying" what? If the effect of the defense argument is to demystify quotations by making them equivalent to interpretations, thus depriving the quotations of any "privileged" authority, was not Malcolm herself originally guilty of "mystification" by putting quotation marks around what were, at best, paraphrases, thus giving them the privileged status of quotations? And what would the Court make of this usage of "privilege"—an invidious term in the deconstructionist vocabulary, suggesting an illegitimate authority—in view of the time-honored constitutional sense of "privilege," which has been at the heart of so many of its own decisions?

The Court will, happily, be unaware of this aspect of the case and will confine itself to the sufficiently difficult issue of libel. But whatever its decision, the extra-legal implications of the case may prove to be as important as the legal. It is not only the plaintiff and defendants who have a stake in this suit, not only journalists, writers, editors, publishers, historians, and biographers, but also the readers of those newspapers, magazines, and books. Until recently those readers have innocently assumed that direct quotations are indeed direct, unmediated by any interpreter, and that if a work of nonfiction succeeds in its "ultimate test" of saying or quoting something they "can't help but believe," it is because what is said or quoted is believable—because quotations, with those distinctive squiggles around them, can be believed to be quotations. This used to be not the private covenant of an author with himself, but a covenant between the author and his subject and reader. That covenant, if unenforced by law, was sanctioned by custom. It would be unfortunate if that custom were so widely violated that the law was obliged to step in to protect the rights of both the subject and the reader.

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The Ingathering

Edward Norden

BEN-GURION airport at the end of last year was comparable to Ellis Island in its glory. Every night, at least a thousand newcomers landed. They came from Ethiopia, black beauties as mild and disoriented as deer, but mainly they came from the fracturing Russian empire, pale little girls hugging Soviet-issue dolls, entire clans from Georgia and Uzbekistan. And the tempo was constantly accelerating—if in all of 1989, some 25,000 Jews moved to Israel, as many as that arrived last November alone, and no fewer than 37,000 in December, an all-time monthly record. Anxious, euphoric, relieved, exhausted, they were greeted, put through the first round of the bureaucratic mill, dispensed pocket money, let loose to discover their new country.

Night after night, this scene was reenacted, an emotional spectacle, a mundane business. The clerks processing the travelers, who work more gently than those at Ellis Island were said to do at the turn of the century, could be forgiven for forgetting the historical significance of it all. Simply enough, it was the Law of Return in action—any Jew or close relative of a Jew showing up was welcome, and unlike at Ellis Island, where if you had trachoma or an anarchist record you were turned back, here there was and is no check for TB or seropositivity, or for a Stalinist past.

The grand total for the year would be 200,000, of whom 185,000 came from the Soviet Union and 15,000 from Ethiopia, Argentina, and elsewhere. This was the most people to exit the Diaspora since 1951, and though Yuval Ne'eman, Minister of Science, cautioned that there was a war in the offing, those in the know said the flood could only swell. The majority predicted with delight and dread that this year the number of refugee-immigrants would double, would reach 400,000, casting in the shade any other year in Israel's interesting history.

They had not factored in Saddam Hussein. True, when he began firing Scuds this way they did not check the *aliyah*—the migration to the Jewish state. Even as the war went on there were ex-Soviets and ex-Ethiopians choosing to fly into harm's way, landing at Ben-Gurion, being lectured on the use of gas masks, and heading out to hotel rooms, rented apartments, and the crowded homes of relatives who had come before them. To sit in a sealed room sweating out a missile attack, knowing that everyone else in the country was doing the same, was a pretty effective initiation, going some way to convert greenhorns into old boys. But naturally, since Soviet TV reported the Scuds and made out the damage they did to be worse than it was, most of those about to come decided to spare themselves the first-hand experience. The number of arrivals in the first six weeks of the war was 15,000, a remarkable lot of people under the circumstances, but still a great falling-off.

Except for Natan Sharansky, who before the war was speaking in terms of half a million, nobody now is confidently saying that when this year ends Israel will indeed have gathered in an additional 400,000 Jews. On the contrary, the question being asked is whether the Gulf War will do to this *aliyah* what the Yom Kippur War did to an earlier, much smaller, one. Veteran Israelis remember what happened then—in October, November, December 1973, Soviet Jews kept arriving at an airport where, as again in this war, the plate-glass windows were dressed against explosion. It was an impressive demonstration. But within a couple of years, most such migrants, all of whom left the USSR on Israeli visas, were dropping out in Vienna and proceeding to the U.S.

Will history repeat itself? It is not necessary to be a Zionist to answer in the negative, as Simcha Dinitz does. Ambassador to Washington during the Yom Kippur War, he heads the Jewish Agency, whose job, in his words, is "to bring as many Jews as possible to Israel as quickly as possible." The Agency, in fact, also has its hand in the so-called "absorption" of immigrants. This is a Byzantine business which everyone agrees is important and for which no one has put up enough money. Dinitz believes Saddam Hussein hit Tel Aviv hoping as much to curtail *aliyah* as to draw Israel into the fighting. Though temporarily successful, he does not deserve all the blame for the post-

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December slide. Even before the war, the news was getting back to Moscow that apartments and decent jobs here are scarce, and immigrant stipends had been trimmed.

The best indicator for Dinitz that this is just a pause, however, is that Soviet Jews, standing in line in the cold in Moscow, continue applying for Israeli visas, the number to do so having passed a million. With the Scuds having faded away, and the American victory having been won, Dinitz expects the pace to recover. He doubts that 400,000 will come this year, but says there is a good chance the record of 240,000, set in 1949, will be broken—housing, employment, and stipend problems notwithstanding. The remainder of the million will be here in another few years.

There are plenty of reasons why his forecast looks reasonable, why a resumption of the flood can almost be taken for granted. First, unlike in the 1970's, the immigrant-refugees today have practically no place to go other than Israel, the U.S. having legislated quotas and united Germany, for all its good will, not about to take in a million Jews. Second, while Israel came out of the Yom Kippur War with its reputation as a winner spoiled, the world's war against Saddam Hussein, the prime threat to Israel, has been won, and the Soviet Union, from which the Jews are fearfully escaping, is unlikely to emerge from its dangerous time of troubles any time soon. Third, with Saddam Hussein crushed, Israel stands to prosper as it has not done for years. The rate of *aliyah* is thus apt—or is the right word liable?—to bounce back to what it was before Operation Desert Storm.

A ZIONIST is the prey of joy and foreboding. For this Zionist dream come true, this biggest-ever ingathering of the exiles, has definite nightmarish aspects. The time-out for the Scuds afforded a breather from last year's frantic rate, when the absorption apparatus seemed about to be swamped. The list of relevant questions to which satisfactory answers are yet to be given is long. What about housing for all these arrivals? And schooling? And medical care? And water, in a region of the planet where it will soon be more expensive than oil? What about veteran Israelis, who have scrimped and hustled and cheated on their taxes for as long as they can remember and have already taken the first of the many cuts in their standard of living which will be required if the million or more people said to be on the way are to be accommodated? What are the better-off Jews of the Diaspora ready to do to help? In short, can the Jewish state digest such a feast?

No country except Israel itself in its heroic, lean, regimented first years has ever tried to do so. The numbers, the ratios, are staggering—this country is such a news factory that foreigners are liable to forget that at this writing there are barely four million Jews here to absorb another million. It is as if the U.S. for some reason decided to take in and resettle the entire population of Great Britain overnight, while at the same time having to keep an eye on its neighbors, suppress the Indians, and attend to the interests and feelings of old-timers whom the melting pot had disappointed.

This class or ethnic angle is touchy. Some Israelis originating in the Muslim countries, who had to live rough when they immigrated a generation ago, and too many of whom are still stuck around the poverty line, fret that the Soviet Jews, arriving with nothing but brains, education, discipline, high culture, ambition, and self-respect, are going to be blended into the national fabric at their expense. Already you hear grumbling. Some of it is brought on by the pinch of the government's economic policy, hastily revised last year to finance absorption, which meant higher taxes, higher prices for de-subsidized bread and milk and cigarettes, soaring rents, less welfare, fewer services. Some of it is inspired by old resentments, unhappy memories, wounded pride.

"LET them live in tents like we did," a night watchman born in Morocco said the other day. His deeper meaning was no less obvious for being coded. This *aliyah*, if it indeed comes to a million, will give the Ashkenazim a majority in Israel, bringing it in that respect back in line with the Diaspora, a prospect which would not be so displeasing to some Sephardim if they were not also hurt by the fuss being made over "the Russians," one they seem to remember was not made over them and their parents. What, were they less desirable? Were they really "human dust," as Ben-Gurion said? The Sephardim were idealists, Zionists, good Jews, so goes the counter-myth, while these Soviet Ashkenazim are atheists and materialists. "They expect to get everything on a platter—a car, an apartment, everything," a grocer whose father came from Iraq in 1951 complains in almost the same breath as he hails Saddam Hussein's comeuppance.

Not quite. All that most of the people from Moscow, Kiev, Baku, and Tashkent want is some kind of roof over their heads—a trailer will do for starters—food, and work. Sweeping the streets or washing dishes for starters is not beneath their dignity, and in some towns and restaurants they are already doing it, replacing Palestinians—for example, in the kitchen at Gilly's, which is Jerusalem's answer to Elaine's, Marina and Masha have replaced Ahmed and Mustapha. Nor do all the newcomers arrive with such a terrific stock of adaptable inner strength. When the high of escaping from the Soviet Union wears off, when the wonderful supermarkets grow familiar, when the subsidy is spent, they all have to face themselves

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in a strange world, in a country no longer predominantly socialist nor yet truly capitalist, and not all can handle it to perfection.

The children generally take to Israel like ducks to water. The adults often have it harder. Bleakness follows euphoria, poverty aggravating culture shock. A number of recent arrivals are laboring as call girls in Tel Aviv to pay the rent. Several men and women have taken their own lives in the Promised Land. A pair of brothers who arrived in the record month of December have been charged by the Haifa district attorney with beating to death a real-estate agent, who, it seems, cheated them out of $2,200 of their immigrant subsidy. The Hebrew press and the blossoming local Russian-language press report such stories, heartbreaking and altogether predictable. They are reproduced every time masses move from continent to continent. Invariably, though this society has always been comparatively kind, the same thing happens each time the Zionist scenario plays itself out.

If you consult the Tel Aviv newspapers from 35 and 55 years ago, you will find that some of the new immigrants then from Poland, Bulgaria, and Morocco were in the same kind of trouble as some of the ex-Soviets today. There was crime. There were suicides. Unhappy stories, painful casualties, victims, and victimizers seem to be an unavoidable spinoff of great migrations. The movement of Jews from czarist Russia to New York's Lower East Side at the end of the last century and the beginning of this one, chronicled in its grace and squalor by Abraham Cahan and Samuel Ornitz and Henry Roth, was one such mass uprooting, adjusting the course of Jewish history. Another is the current move to Israel of the descendants of those Russian Jews who did not get out then.

They are fleeing an empire infected by anti-Semitism and veering toward chaos. Even though, now that there is Israel, they are not to be considered stateless, psychologically many are as much refugees as they are immigrants. They are refugees, besides, whose first choice of a haven was not Israel. Most, though they will not tell you so or even allow themselves to remember, would have preferred enormous, quiet, rich America. It takes a measure of callousness to say, quite rightly, that in the long run this makes little difference for Israel, since most of the Jews who have moved here in this century have done so for lack of another open door. That did not keep them, and especially their children, from nailing the Jewish state more firmly on the map. Subjectively, they were refugees, but objectively, as Marxists used to say, they could not have been better Zionists. More or less the same pattern is visible in this, the greatest *aliyah* of them all.

And probably the best-educated one also. The stereotype of the newcomer from the Soviet Union is of a biochemist who plays in a string quartet for relaxation. The statistics compiled by the Jewish Agency explain why this cliché has taken root. Of the 100,000 immigrants who came from the prison of nations in the first nine months of last year, more than 40,000 had graduated from a university. There were 14,000 engineers and architects, 7,000 scientists, 3,500 doctors and dentists, 2,500 nurses, 5,000 schoolteachers, 3,000 writers, musicians, and artists. In the short run, few of these men and women will be able to earn a living in their professions. In the long run, if Israel is unlucky, all these M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s and violinists will overwhelm it. But if it is as lucky and ingenious as it has been in the past, they and their children will be its salvation, somewhat in the way the German Jews were.

The comparison is between this *aliyah* and that of the German Jews in the 1930's. They too were not Zionists but refugees, many of whom would have gone to Washington Heights and Riverside Drive if they could. Nevertheless, their training—in the sciences, medicine, education, journalism, law, and music—gave a great boost to the Zionist enterprise. The hopeful analogy is not completely off-base. Especially dramatic is the scorn excited in some of the ex-Soviets by the trashier aspects of local culture, including manners—the German Jews, with their Lessing and Schubert, tagged *yekkes* for the jackets they wore in the Levantine sun, are said to have felt themselves exiled in Zion, to have nursed to their dying days nostalgia for *Kultur* and disdain for the local ersatz, similar to the ex-Soviets. A portion were really always Germans, never ex-Germans, as a portion of current newcomers remain Soviets. The analogy is a good one—up to a point.

If many of the *yekkes* were the product of half a century of Western-style assimilation, who had to think their hardest only when forced to by Hitler, the current refugee-immigrants are all more or less the product of more than 70 years of Communism. Even those who took their distance from the official culture long before their escape to the West, who lived in a kind of exile in their native country, had to play a fairly dirty game to survive. Can the habits brought over from the old country be cured? Mikhael Genadlev, a poet and doctor who moved here from Leningrad in 1977, believes it will be devilishly hard. He warns that the current *aliyah* is steeped in the anti-values of Soviet Man—lying, swindling, materialism, cynicism, public conformity and superpatriotism, private anarchy. Israel is going to have one hell of a time absorbing all this and putting it to healthy use.

As Russian poets do, Genadlev exaggerates. A whiff of snobbery also rises from his comments—unlike the earlier, smaller *aliyah* in which he came, during a time when the doors of both

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Brighton Beach and Tel Aviv were open and the Zionists among the migrants chose Tel Aviv in a process of self-selection, the present *aliyah* is a mass transfer of the good, the bad, and the indifferent with basically just one possible destination. The implication is that in the 1970's Brighton Beach got more of the bad and indifferent, Tel Aviv more of the quality goods, such as the poet. Now Israel, having demanded to get it too, is getting the Brighton Beach-type crowd in a tidal wave, is Genadlev's alarming message.

You meet newcomers, young ones especially, who are better Westerners than many Israelis or Americans are. Nevertheless, Genadlev knows something. A recent event at the Jerusalem municipality's club for fresh arrivals from the Soviet Union seemed to bear him out, partially at least. Agriculture Minister Rafael ("Raful") Eitan was the featured speaker of the evening, which was kicked off with a baritone, backed up by a ham-fisted pianist, delivering a number in Russian entitled "Zionism," no more, no less. Raful, on stage, maintained a straight face. Some in the audience, particularly younger people, covered their eyes, reminded no doubt of public occasions in the USSR before *glasnost*. However, most of the listeners, if not rapt, seemed to find this introduction unobjectionable. Studying the faces of the older people, listening to them applaud on cue, you could easily picture them as party members before history caught up with them. Uprooted now and dispossessed, they urgently need a new certainty to live out their lives by, and it is merely paradoxical that it should go by the name of Zionism, the heresy which earned others of their generation one-way tickets to the gulag.

Indeed, regardless of age, and regardless of what they think of the local culture, the majority of Soviet Jews arriving here take their Israeli patriotism neat, for a while at least. This is understandable, arguably healthy. The typical newcomer wishes to identify simply, not to say naively, with his new country. He has enough problems without having to sympathize with the Palestinians, whom the moralists among the Israeli doves still insist Israel is oppressing. So Raful, military hero and hard-liner, got a friendly hearing. The audience seemed unanimously with him when he lowered the boom on religious coercion and the yeshiva boys who do not serve in the army. And when he counseled the "voluntary transfer" of Palestinians, there was only one young man to call out, "That's impracticable!"

THE *yekkes* gravitated to the dovish side of the Israeli spectrum. The Soviets will probably bolster the secular Right and far Right. Thanks to them, Raful's Tsomet (Crossroads) party, tough on both the Arabs and the rabbis, bids fair to win more than its present two Knesset seats in the next elections, coming no later than next year. So does the Moledet (Homeland) party, whose platform begins and ends with the expulsion of the Palestinians, and whose head, Rehavam ("Gandhi") Ze'evi, another ex-general, has been brought into the government as a minister without portfolio. The popular Likud, having guided Israel safely though the anti-Saddam war by keeping it on the sidelines, may be able to form a more efficient coalition government with Tsomet and Moledet after the next elections, jettisoning the ultra-Orthodox, and this thanks largely to the votes of Israel's newest citizens. No need to rely on impressions—the public-opinion surveys carried out here nonstop confirm that the typical newcomer is inclined that way.

More than 70 percent of a recent sample reject the idea of trading land for peace, compared with a 50-50 split among veteran Israelis. In another survey of ex-Soviets who have been in Israel for a year or less, 81 percent said they were *hiloni* or secular, 19 per cent traditional (*masorti*) or Orthodox (*dati*), none ultra-Orthodox (*haredi*). The percentage calling itself secular is twice as large as among old Israelis. This follows from two generations behind the Iron Curtain and a rate of intermarriage in Russian cities rivaling California's. It poses a dilemma, at best, for the ultra-Orthodox parties, who today wield the balance of power in Israeli politics.

These parties suspect that as many as a third of the people getting off the planes are not even Jewish, according to religious law, and therefore they would rather have nothing to do with them. On the other hand, the other two-thirds are Jews, albeit familiar with Mozart and ignorant of Maimonides, and if the *aliyah* picks up where it left off before the war, every month will again see enough of them landing to determine the fate of a Knesset seat, with all the leverage and patronage and cold cash that entails. Repulsion and temptation, fear and duty, are at war here.

At least one *haredi* party, Agudat Yisrael, is going after the Soviets. Its missionary wing, the Habad Lubavitcher movement, provides hospitality and lessons in Hebrew and Judaism, commencing with a soft sell at the airport. The campaign is funded by public monies—Agudah for the time being is cozily inside the governing coalition. The rabbis and other operatives involved deny any political aim. They say that they are only doing their duty, making available to their ignorant, hungry brethren the ABC's of a tradition Communism robbed them of. It does not do to generalize about the motives of those who attend these classes. Some are curious about Judaism. Others are casualties, or spongers, who soak up the warmth and welfare afforded by this world-within-a-world before the harder demands of obedience are made. At any rate, by the next Knesset elections, the percentage of Soviets who put themselves down as ultra-Orthodox and vote accordingly may well exceed zero.

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The rabbinical parties are competing with other groups, parliamentary and extra-parliamentary, for the bodies and souls of the new Israelis. The kibbutzim, for example, driven by Zionist ideals and hopes of saving a dying institution, go out of their way to woo them: to bring them in as resident comrades—interestingly, a few thousand newcomers, despite their memories of socialism, have responded. The political parties to which the kibbutzim are linked—Mapam and Labor—serve coffee and cookies in the cities and towns where most of the immigrants settle. The task for the Left is critical and very hard. Given the right sort of information and treated with love and understanding, it is bravely hoped, the most recent ex-Soviets will make electoral choices not much different from those of the 150,000 who blazed a trail for them in the 1970's.

The current preferences of that older group were among those examined by pollsters Rafi and Hanoch Smith and published just before the war in the Labor daily, *Davar*. The overall results of the sounding, covering all Israelis, were bad news for the opposition—Labor was down more than 10 percentage points since the last Knesset elections, while the Likud and other secular right-wing parties were up. But breaking down their data, the Smiths found that the earlier Soviet immigrants, who at first tended to favor Menachem Begin, have by now spread their allegiances wider, dividing equally between Right and Left, between the Likud and its satellites and Labor and its. This stands to reason. On the one hand, the ex-Soviets have Gogolesque memories of socialism, and Labor still sings the "Internationale." On the other hand, highly educated, secular Israelis of European origin typically vote for Labor, the Citizens' Rights Movement (CRM), etc., and that is exactly what a great many of the people getting off the plane are.

Thus the Laborites, though somewhat panicky, have not given up. The problem is, it takes time for the newcomers to acculturate and start voting as do Israelis of their class. So many have arrived, and so many more are probably about to, that by the time the requisite years have passed the Israeli Labor party may go the way of British Labor or the Democrats in the U.S. Aggravating matters is the fact that the Left is perceived as uniformly dovish. There were, indeed, doves from Labor, Mapam, CRM, and the extra-parliamentary Peace Now who tried before the war to convince ex-Soviets that it was patriotic to deal with the PLO. Their work was cut out for them. The PLO was and is known to arrivals from the Soviet Union chiefly for its working ties with Pamyat, the Russian fascists. The war and the Scuds, cheered on by Arafat, have made things temporarily impossible.

The dialectic never rests, however, and some doves already discern a silver lining. Certainly, when the war is over, the Palestinians will still be here. The moral, economic, and political costs of sitting on them will still have to be paid, and the Americans, having done with Saddam Hussein and feeling immensely capable, will be wanting to pacify this trouble spot, too, once and for all. Thus, the doves think, the decks may be clear for Palestinian self-determination and the end of the occupation, with or preferably without the PLO. In this scenario, almost everything depends on Washington. It depends especially on the money the U.S. might offer for Israel's cooperation, which Israel could spend on its many needs, above all the absorption of the Soviet Jews. The curse of the occupation ought to be traded for the funds required to settle them on this side of the Green Line, say the patriotic doves as they try to regroup.

This point of view was given its earliest and most pungent expression by Yossi Sarid, a CRM Knesset member. His prewar op-ed piece in *Ha'aretz*, entitled "The Deal of the Century," anticipated others which have been published by other doves since. Having blessed the Soviet *aliyah* for resurrecting Zionism, he wrote:

> Even partisans of the Whole Land of Israel—most of them good Zionists—are going to have no choice but to put the occupied territories up for sale. . . . The only investment in Israel which the international community is now going to consider would be as part of a solution to the conflict, of the stabilization of the area, and peace. Any other simply isn't in the cards. The choice is therefore clear, sharp, and painful, like cutting out a diseased organ: two million Palestinians or two [*sic*] million Jews from the Soviet Union in exchange for them.

A strain of wishful thinking runs through the tune the doves are singing. Having failed to convince their fellow Israelis that the damage wrought by the occupation was more considerable than the dangers of getting out; having failed to persuade their Palestinian friends to resist nonviolently; having despaired when these same Palestinians glorified Saddam Hussein, they now hope that this *aliyah*, which unlike the hawks they never expected or particularly prayed for, will serve as a magic wand. Though not unknown among Israeli hawks, wishful thinking is more typical of the doves. Nevertheless, this time they may be on to something. It may turn out that after the war the Shamir government, in order to grapple with a mission no Zionist can afford to fail at, will have to choose between granting the Palestinians an estate very close to self-determination or asking Israelis to take on the yoke of real hardship. The Israelis will not agree to that.

Of course, in principle, almost everyone here, including, if you bear with them, the night watchman and the grocer and Genadlev, will admit that another million Jews is an excellent thing. A huge immigration absorbed is more than an abstract

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Zionist duty performed. It will tangibly improve Israel's position in the far-from-concluded demographic and military contest with the Arabs. Also, like a tide on which all boats rise, it should produce jobs, tantalize investors, eventually create wealth which almost everyone can get a piece of. Every *aliyah* has had this effect. That is why the young Sephardi mayors of dead-end "development" or frontier towns in the Galilee and Negev, free of complexes, embrace "our Russians."

In practice, too, old Israelis are willing to do much for the cause. When the government decided before the war to hike taxes and lower the minimum wage, almost everyone went out on strike. But the strikes ended well before the war started. New taxes are now in force, being collected at the source, though the war has hit the economy hard. A delegation of ex-Moroccans who said they were going to Moscow to beg Gorbachev to halt the migration have dropped the idea. Instead, furniture and clothes are being donated, immigrant families and singles are being adopted by citizens who also helped them with their gas masks and sealing tape, and for every five landlords who skin their inexperienced tenants, there is one who, out of idealism, out of Zionism, takes less than he might.

ZIONISM, then, has been shaken by this *aliyah* from one of its periodic slumbers. But the effort to integrate the newcomers is going to have to be as much an individual as a collective one, because the time is past when the whole country could be mobilized by order from above. Between 1949 and 1957, the impossible could be accomplished, the population could actually be tripled, because Israelis and their leaders could live with ration coupons. The mentality today is different. Israel now will have to do the impossible without a Ben-Gurion to galvanize it, without the sort of reigning socialist-Zionist elite it used to suffer from and depend on, without the heroic types who could plan ahead in a state of emergency and provide an example of austere, utter devotion to a public ready to emulate them.

Today's Israelis would not put up with austerity, even if Ben-Gurion rose from his Negev grave. They are resigned to some discomfort in the common cause, they will even let the knife pare away some flesh, but they will not queue for bread or sneak around the corner to the black-marketeer. This is arguably progress. Besides, the sums needed to absorb this *aliyah* cannot be raised by turning the clock, and the economy, back a generation. Various Israeli officials have mentioned various amazing figures, including $10 billion, $20 billion, and $30 billion. That kind of money cannot be squeezed out of the citizenry even if the citizenry were willing. It might be raised from the Jews of North America, who comprise two-fifths of the last *Forbes* list of the richest 400, but only if they slapped a tithe on themselves—a rather unlikely prospect given the recession, the aftereffects of Black Monday, and especially the tendency of the descendants of the Ellis Islanders, the richer they become, to give more to the local opera house and less to their far-flung brethren. Not that this is stopping the UJA and Israel Bonds from trying to raise $1.5 billion this year, most of it in North America, which if it is raised will be a fine achievement and a drop in the bucket.

Meanwhile, the Israeli government is canvasing governments and banks for loans and grants. It knows that to obtain them it will probably be told to make political concessions—exactly as the doves want. The saga involved in winning a $400 million loan guarantee from the Bush administration, which triggered a rocket from the White House when Ambassador Zalman Shoval complained that the U.S. was stringing Israel along, may be a taste of things to come. Having finally gotten that guarantee for building homes for immigrants, but only after promising not to use it to build across the Green Line, the Israelis have now asked the U.S. for a $1-billion grant from the administration's supplemental war budget—this, it is explained, for repairing the damage from the Scuds and on top of the annual, traditional $3 billion in military and civilian aid.

It will take a miracle of Israeli diplomacy and lobbying to land this financial *quid* without a substantial geopolitical *quo*. If after the Yom Kippur War the U.S. granted Israel an extra $2.2 billion, this depended none too subtly on Israel's starting to give territory back to Sadat. Already before that war, so as not to upset the U.S., Israel had endangered itself by not attacking first, and paid an awful price. In this war, too, Israel restrained itself at the behest of Washington, with what harm to its deterrent powers no one knows. If Israel is now to win another big grant, however, this is apt—or liable—to be thanks not to its good behavior in the immediate past but to a believable pledge, not only to refrain from settling immigrants across the Green Line, but to cease building homes there for any Israelis at all.

Such a condition would be in perfect keeping with American official wisdom since the Six-Day War. This has held that as hard as it may be to solve the Arab-Israeli conflict, it will be impossible if the Israelis do not one day give up what they captured in 1967—forget for the moment and for the sake of sanity the problem of Jerusalem. Faced with a choice between austerity for a decade in order to gather a million Jews, and withdrawing from the occupied territories in return for the money needed for absorption, how will the Israeli electorate, including hundreds of thousands of new immigrants with friends already en route, decide?

There is no way to guess intelligently about what, given the vagaries of Israeli and American

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politics and Middle Eastern history, may remain a hypothetical question. Until now the perennial debate here over the pros and cons of withdrawal has become a practical one only when the head of an Arab state sued credibly for peace. The choice between austerity and withdrawal may thus never be posed so starkly. A U.S. administration weighing the conditions under which it will help its ally convert this burden to an asset should realize that an Israeli withdrawal, if it is to make the Middle East a safer place, will have to be preceded by an Arab concession comparable to Sadat's in any case.

What that concession might be, or who might offer it, is hard to imagine. What is plain is that this great migration will continue where it left off before the Scuds—for as long as it does continue—against the backdrop of a victorious U.S. trying, strenuously and prudently, to fashion a new regional order, yes, a *Pax Americana*. This need not hamper the *aliyah*. A far more serious and immediate worry could be the fate of the Soviet Union's open-door policy should Gorbachev fall, or should he try to stuff the genie of reform back into the bottle. To be sure, shutting the gates again would mean much more than a Soviet reversal on human rights. It would mean that the cold war was being disinterred, something which a few months ago seemed fantastical. But that too is not out of the question, as Sakharov predicted and Sharansky today warns. The prison's open doors, at any rate, should not be taken for granted. This *aliyah*, like all mass uprootings a flight and a rescue operation, may therefore and above all be a race against time.

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A Song From Catullus

A Story

Flossie Lewis

Morris Melville Tipstein would gladly eat Oreanna Arrugar with a spoon, so delectable is she, velvet as the white chocolate the local yogurt palace dispenses on Sunday, silky as the mandarin orange they serve in honor of Halloween—they tried licorice once, but the college crowd prefers its licorice real, in strings or not at all. All the old songs his father used to play on the piano burst into his head when he enters Latin 26 and he beholds Oreanna arranging her long black hair into a bun and chewing madly on a piece of apple-flavored bubble gum; songs like "Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh—You're Driving Me Crazy," or "The Breeze Runs After You." He does not remember the words, naturally, for he is a classics scholar, not a student of the songs of the 30's and 40's. In fact, he has no ear for music, and yet words take on a sort of music in his head. Catullus always sings to him: "*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus . . .*," let us live and love, my Lesbia. And Tipstein responds with "*Vivamus, Oreanna.*" Is it lust? No! Oreanna is too smart to warrant lust. If only she were not on this women's-lib kick. Sometimes she is actually hostile to him, or is it men in general? Has he not seen her give the finger to the retired classics chair, a really harmless old chap unfailingly courtly to the ladies—he doffs his cap to them? Even then, Oreanna is pert and graceful, delivering the finger.

Now he must look to her midterm exam. It is sunset on the Bay when he begins. From the deck of his tiny chalet, the sky is awash with color, courtesy of smog. Even though Tipstein knows the air is polluted, the sunset is voluptuous to behold, especially as he awaits his English grill sizzling on the hibachi, and the glass of stout, slightly warm, tempting him with its foam. He enjoys his exams, preparing them, reading them, grading them. There is a passage from Ovid, sure to infuriate Oreanna. It may even bring on the cry of "pig." And then Tipstein can wax avuncular, although he is only twenty-eight himself and only an assistant. He can caution the ladies in his class to be culturally rational—he doesn't have to caution the men, they cry out only against grades—by which he means that one cannot rightfully pin a pig on the Romans of antiquity, when all men were pigs, having no option.

And what of Catullus? What about Catullus? The passage from Catullus must surely move the heart of Oreanna, for how can she not be moved—she who is only nineteen and has already completed all of her language requirements for the graduate program in Comparative Literature, all except Latin. Oreanna, despite her feminism, is sweet. Witness her devotion to Binky, the abominable, geriatric Binky, née Bianca Minkowitz, Tipstein's very own heart's abhorrence. Witness Oreanna's solicitous attention to Binky. Ah, if loathing could annihilate Binky. Everywhere that Oreanna is, Binky is sure to be, or sure to follow. Even into Latin 26. What is Binky doing in Latin 26? She is in a graduate program, somewhere. She is also seventy-five years old if she is a day, and has a voice like a stalled engine and a mind, in Tipstein's opinion, that also coughs and sputters. But Oreanna fusses with her, holds her hand during exams, and eats lunch with her. Once he actually saw her fanning the old goat. Twice he has taken up the matter of senior citizens on campus with the acting head of the classics department, Ludmilla Witcofsky-Jones.

"I'm really concerned about Mrs. Minkowitz."

"Really. Is she the old broad?"

"She's eighty, if she's a day."

"What seems to be the trouble?" Professor Witcofsky-Jones has a way of peering over her bifocals. She likes Tipstein. It isn't like him to be fussy. "She's the darling of the French department, you know, this Binky person."

"I can't think why. She seems to me incapable of making any generalizations about language. Her questions are stupid."

Tipstein is trying to disguise from himself and others the fact that he finds Binky physically loathsome, especially as she appears so bonded to Oreanna. Binky's questions are actually irritating, not stupid.

"Is she gonna fail or something?"

Flossie Lewis, whose story, "The River Temz," appeared in our September 1988 issue, has published fiction and essays in a variety of periodicals, including *Encounter* and the *North American Review*.

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"No," he reflects, "she manages her exams all right, but she makes it impossible for me to get through a lesson. 'What poisons did the Romans use to kill one another?' Stuff like that. She doesn't have Alzheimer's, but I think I see signs of senile dementia."

"You're kidding."

"I'm exaggerating a little, but I'm worried. She may fall down and hurt herself."

"Or get run over by a skateboard, you should be so lucky."

"A bicycle, more likely. But should she be here at all? She's eighty-five, if she's a day."

"She keeps getting older by the minute," says Witcofsky-Jones. "Be nice to her, Morris. She's probably one of the reentry people. We don't want the department to be accused of ageism. We have enough trouble already."

Tipstein is fairly certain *he* has a clean bill of health; he is free, he believes, of assorted prejudice. But even after his talk with Witcofsky-Jones, he is uncomfortable. Should he report for the record a concern that Binky Minkowitz might conceivably drop dead in his classroom? If he does he will no doubt be told to take a class in CPR or learn to dial the campus police. Nobody is going to admit that it is dangerous to have these old bats flying around. But wait until one of them does get run over by a bicycle, and then the university will have a lawsuit on its hands. But he knows better than to carry his complaints beyond Witcofsky-Jones, for example to the women who run the reentry program. Binky is probably *their* brightest star, too. As Oreanna is his. Would that she were steadfast to her professor, as he is to her. Or less steadfast to Binky. Would that he might recline on Oreanna's bosom. He reaches for the stout and her paper.

Oreanna comes through Ovid correctly and remarks in the margin that Ovid is a pig. Tipstein responds lovingly, also in the margin. He adores writing those private notes to her. It is his way of caressing her; and having responded to her Ovid, he now awaits her kinder response to the lyric cry from Catullus 58:

O Caelius! our Lesbia, that Lesbia,
whom your Catullus once above his eyes
and friends loved dearly, now in shameless fashion
throughout the city streets and alley plies
her trade—and strives each son of Rome to strip
of pride and self-respect with loin and lip.

Catullus 58 is full of adjectives and pronouns, but it is more than a lesson in parts of speech. Catullus 58 is a way for Tipstein to test carnal knowledge among the young, who, God knows, have experienced more active sex than he; but will they recognize the real thing if they encounter it in Latin 26? And will the velvet Oreanna perform in novel ways? How will she fare, the fair? Above all, will she be fair to Catullus? Tipstein's own translation follows closely the above, rendered by Professor Aiken, who taught classics to Tipstein's own Latin teacher. The key word in the original Latin verse is an antique verb *"glubit,"* third conjugation, third person singular, meaning "to peel, or to skin, as in the bark of a tree"; and Tipstein admires in Aiken's translation the expansion of the conventional meaning of the verb. Nonetheless, the last two lines are a tad ambiguous: whose pride is being stripped? And how is it being stripped? And yet the more modern translators of Catullus, Garrison for example, are also ambiguous. Besides, Tipstein is loyal to his professor's professor.

Thus far, the papers have been bland or wildly off the mark. Several of the class have accused Lesbia of ripping off rich Romans as if she were a pickpocket. Some have seen her forcing the men of Rome to do a striptease for her—male stripping is still the fun thing to do at some of the sorority houses. Some see Lesbia as performing a striptease herself. Some of the papers do mad things with the phrase *"se atque suos,"* which Aiken gives as "his eyes" but which roughly means "himself and his own family." Oreanna's translation is lifeless, but technically correct. She does nothing original or strange with the *"glubit."* She certainly does not register for her palpitating prof anywhere in her translation Catullus's rage, loathing, despair.

Binky's paper is at the bottom of the pile. What possesses him to go for it now? He always reads her paper last, when he is jaded and can comment perfunctorily. But the old bag reads Catullus's passion well. She calls Lesbia harlot. She cries to Caelius, "Remember how much I loved her. I placed her above everyone—my friends—you included, my Caelius." And she translates *"glubit"* as "sucking off." Tipstein looks up at the sunset. It has turned purple.

The campus is full of color the following morning, and it is not the sky which provides the drama. The sky is in fact modestly blue. The sun, to be sure, is out; the air is crisp: a silent backdrop for the scenes of campus life which now unfold as the traveler, an academic new to the campus, as is Morris Tipstein—this is his second year—is drawn like a magnet to the street theater at the South Gate. For here is carnival—mimes, acrobats, activists, musicians, food vendors, and crazies. They have all staked out their territories and hold court . . . *Saturday Night Live* every single day from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. The fun begins at noon, when everybody is eating lunch. Nobody gets taken for a ride, except a few innocents who have never left home, although they attend the university.

Most of the campus comes to the carnival to relax, to eat, to be titillated, even by the passionately committed activists like the Animal Rights Group of the Third World Coalition of the Whole

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Earth. The administration is not unresponsive to the activists. It no longer wants to burn or be burned, and now heeds the solons among the faculty who, for the most part, are liberals, people of conscience. They side with the less extreme of the activists, although they no longer march *en masse* with the students as they did in the 60's. And that is why part of the street theater is the occupation of administrative buildings without too much police action following, just a lot of yelling. Which is not to say justice and peace reign on the campus. Tipstein is, in fact, going to attend an informal meeting called by his department at 3 P.M. to address one of the matters currently jangling administrative nerves, although at this moment he is on his way to a private interview with Professor Witcofsky-Jones concerning the matter of Binky's midterm exam. There is still time—it is only 12:30—for Tipstein's Gypsy blood, supposedly authentic, a great-grandmother having gone astray in Bucharest, to warm to the scenes before him.

Oreanna is in the crowd. She is listening to a fully bearded man in black leotards, ruffled skirt, and garden hat adorned with flowers and feathers excoriate a fundamentalist preacher; and she is eating a pizza. Tipstein's stomach flips out and over. A blush floods his cheeks. Helpless, he moves in her direction until he is right behind her, smelling the oregano and the cheese.

"Hi," he says.

"Oh hi," big lovely smile today from Oreanna. "How's my paper?"

"Not bad. Not bad."

"Wanna bite?" She offers him her pizza.

"No thanks." But yes he would. He would like a bite. "I'm having my daily yogurt, shortly," he says.

"How's Binky's paper?"

"Where is Binky?" he asks.

"She's coming shortly." Oreanna has a way of mincing her speech and mimicking his. She's adorable.

"Well let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediment," he says, "I'll see you in class. Shortly."

AT THE very least she has been friendly. Tipstein crosses the street to reach the yogurt palace but has a hard time wondering if he should not first indulge in a pizza. But he will have to brush his teeth if he does, especially as he has the meeting with Witcofsky-Jones. He has a horror of bad breath, even from several feet away. His father, who is suffering from Alzheimer's, never brushes his teeth and is very hard to embrace. Tipstein decides he will have his yogurt and then go to the meeting with Witcofsky-Jones concerning Binky's paper, about which he has some very mixed-up feelings. He settles for papaya pineapple and arrives five minutes early.

Witcofsky-Jones is always happy to see Tipstein. He wears his hair Buster Brown style and he draws large sections of undergraduates from all the disciplines. He's cute.

"Hello, Morris Melville," she greets him.

"*Ave.*"

"Oh, you can do better than that."

He smiles sheepishly

"So what's up?" she asks.

He hands her Binky's paper. She reads, she snorts, she smiles.

"The kid's got it."

"The point is, is it her own?"

"You mean the '*glubit*'?"

"Yes."

"I would say she knows Catullus's other songs of love, wouldn't you?"

"She's not that strong in Latin."

"How about English? She may know the poems in English. Who is it?"

"Bianca Minkowitz."

"The geriatrics case?"

"Yes."

"Well good for her. Good for her."

"The reason I came to see you. . . ." He pauses. He stalls. "I mean. . . ." He doesn't know precisely what he means.

"You mean she may have had advance information on the test? How can that be? '*Aber wie ist das möglich?*' " she asks.

"I don't know. None of the other students has come even close, and I have one or two very sharp ones, I assure you. They can even get through Cicero without my help."

"Experience, Morris," says Witcofsky-Jones, biting her lip but looking at Tipstein with tenderness. "Experience."

"Experience?"

"Experience, my boy. The facts of sex and all that. She may have remembered."

"Binky?" he asks with disbelief.

"The kids can't imagine life or sex in ancient Rome. Oh, they can answer the specific questions you put to them, but the Romans are dead, really dead. They're alive to Mrs. Binky, or whatever you call her. She is alive to them, you see? Or let's say Catullus is alive for her."

Tipstein nods. He appears to be drinking in her wisdom. She continues: "Be nice to the old lady, Morris. Give her an A. Make her day."

Tipstein nods. He has already stuck his foot in it. He gets up to leave.

"Thanks," he says. "I will certainly think about it. And what's our meeting about this afternoon?"

"Cultural diversity. We are very badly underrepresented. Even me. I mean women. We're in very bad shape. All white guys."

"Is it the truth?" he asks. He feels stupid and out of sorts.

"Sure, but what do we do, blow ourselves up?"

"On second thought," he says, rousing himself, "half my class is truly culturally diverse."

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"So bring your class lists and numbers, will you?"

"I will," he says.

IT IS 2 P.M. Latin 26 is assembled. The students are breathless, awaiting the return of the midterm exam. Binky arrives breathless, too, from running. She has been attending to her weak bladder. She flops into the chair next to Oreanna, who is chewing strawberry bubble gum after pizza. She smiles at Binky and blows a small bubble at her. Binky smiles at Tipstein. She likes him; she really does. She also fans herself with a bonnet she uses against sunstroke and skin cancer.

"Wow," she says.

The class is indifferent to her exclamations, except for Oreanna.

"Now, my beauties," says Tipstein, waving their papers before their eyes. The class moans in unison. He smiles at them. He reviews first the passage from Ovid. He explains the constructions they have misconstrued. But he assures them they have done a respectable job on Ovid, and he singles out Oreanna's paper for praise, even as he pauses to make his sermon of the margin. He quotes from his letter to Oreanna. Of course, the class has reason to be annoyed with Ovid, the women anyway. But they must remember the times, must they not? They listen downcast.

"And now to Catullus, a man for all seasons." Tipstein's voice rises to the occasion. He has been about to say for all genders, too, but a wicked whisper suddenly turns his heart to dust. The class is looking up from its former position at half-mast. Most of them are women. Of the men only one is not a "white guy." But Pablo Henrique-Verde, although he may be designated Hispanic, has never been culturally disadvantaged, unless one considers it a disadvantage to have a father in the Colombian embassy in Washington.

Of the women two are of Hispanic descent, but, alas, the first is not from the barrios of Los Angeles or even Mexico City. She is Cuban and anti-Castro. Then there is Oreanna, right out of East Los Angeles and possibly on financial aid but so elegantly attired in royal blues and magenta, even unto her backpack, one cannot imagine her hurting for money. One simply cannot generalize. In addition there are three undeniable Asian-American women, one of them a recent immigrant to the U.S. but supplied with a fairly decent background in the classics, her father having been a merchant in Hong Kong, and she a student at one of the British schools. Tipstein does not have to reflect too much on her socioeconomic status. Six out of a class of fifteen. Not bad for upper-division Latin. He hopes. He hopes, too, that there is going to be no trouble regarding Catullus.

His slight ethnic fugue is a momentary break, from what he isn't sure. That wicked whisper. Tipstein draws in a deep breath and delivers his sermon on Catullus, and then turns to poem 58 and targets first the phrase which Aiken translated "above his eyes." He reads some of their wilder excursions on the subject of where Catullus is positioned with respect to "*se*" and "*suos*."

"One of you had 'his and hers' for '*se* and *suos*'?" he asks rather than declares.

"They're pronouns, aren't they?"

"Which one?" he asks.

TIPSTEIN is patient with the students, although when he offers Aiken's translation of the first four lines—he is saving the "*glubit*"—the class is baffled. The presence of "eyes" in the translation still upsets them. Tipstein explains that the translator, in order to do justice to the passion of the lover, has taken some liberties with the original.

"And we're not supposed to!"

Tipstein fears he is about to be accused of some new ism, possibly phallocentrism . . . or is that what he might be accused of? Oreanna would know.

"Hold on," he says. "I'll show you an excellent translation—by one of you—and you'll see what liberties I permit. Good old Catullus."

"He's a pig," from Oreanna, who shrugs her shoulders and tosses her lovely head.

"Oh, come, Oreanna," he caresses her with his eyes, though his voice chides a little. "Even after this poem? No sympathy, not one bit?"

Oreanna bristles, and Binky, resembling more and more in Tipstein's eyes a film star from the movie classics, a fey lady with the improbable name of ZaSu Pitts, looks around the class flutteringly. Tipstein until this moment has not been certain he will read Binky's paper. Now he knows he must. It is a flash of genius.

"Listen to this." He goes to the bottom of the pile. He sweeps the paper through the air with a flourish and holding it out before him, proceeds to read from Binky's paper. Lovingly, he dwells on the word "harlot." Carefully, he pauses before he utters "sucking off." There is a slight murmur, but only Oreanna turns pink grapefruit. Binky turns strawberry. Aha! Tipstein has them both by the balls. He has never applied the cliché precisely.

"What do you think, Oreanna?" he asks with an obvious look of glee. The translation has taken most of the class by surprise.

"It stinks," she replies.

"It stinks? This translation stinks?"

"It's correct, I suppose, but it's sexist and disgusting."

"This translation?"

Tipstein is not really surprised. What else should Oreanna say? The inspiration, that flash of genius, is working. Isn't it? But if not, Tipstein has crossed his Rubicon. The die is cast.

Oreanna's voice now rises almost to a shriek. "How can you—even you—but how can we blame Lesbia? She was doing what all men in Rome were

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doing. Why was it more disgusting or lecherous or whatever for a woman to do what the men were doing?"

"Times were different, Oreanna."

"That's my point. Times were different, and we're supposed to feel sorry for Catullus. I won't, and I don't."

"That's not logical, Oreanna." This comment comes from Bradley Smith, one of the white guys. "If times were different, they were different."

Oreanna's breathing is becoming labored. "When I think how we have been programmed to hate Lesbia, hate poor old Cressida . . . you know, Chaucer . . . ."

The class doesn't know, not even Tipstein—he is a classics man—but Binky knows. She puts her head down and holds a handkerchief to her forehead.

Tipstein persists. "Doesn't this translation move you a little? Aren't you impressed?"

"You mean by the sucking off?" Oreanna sneers. "It's just the sort of thing a guy would say. It's loathsome. Maybe she did. Maybe she didn't. But the translation makes Lesbia the guilty party, and that's not right. It's judgmental."

"But it's Catullus speaking. One has to be faithful to his tone."

"Fuck him," says Oreanna breathlessly.

Tipstein is not quite sure what his next move should be. "I've given this paper an A. An A+."

"Congratulations," says Oreanna.

BINKY speaks, but first raises her hand. "I don't accept the grade, Professor Tipstein." She doesn't look at Oreanna. "I don't accept the grade. I have been cruel to Lesbia."

"What about being cruel to Catullus?" Bradley Smith is outraged. "How can anyone refuse a grade of A+ for such a dumb reason?"

"I think Catullus has had our hearts for too long. It's time we had another look at Lesbia." Now she looks at Oreanna. "I'm very sorry, my little darling."

Oreanna looks fondly at Binky. "Binky, honey, did you really do that translation?"

"Yes, I did, but I don't mind telling you that I've always been uncomfortable about poor misunderstood Cressida, much as I love Troilus. I'm ashamed, Oreanna."

"Did you do the sucking off part, too?"

"It seemed to me faithful. It was my third choice." She falters. "It seemed to me quite right."

"Well, if it's right, it's right. What are you ashamed of?" asks Bradley Smith. "How can you be ashamed of being right? I don't get it."

"I'm ashamed of the way I've been conditioned to accept the male point of view," says Binky with bowed head.

"Jesus, it's only a translation." says Bradley Smith.

"I should not have been taken in. I should have written a disclaimer in the margin," says Binky, crestfallen.

Tipstein, possessed by an irrational force, turns on her.

"Bianca Minkowitz," he cries, "I accuse you of intellectual dishonesty."

Binky looks as if she is going to faint. She looks stricken and feeble. "Oh my God." she cries, "what have I done?"

"There's emotional honesty, too," cries Oreanna. "You have no right to do this to Binky."

"That's age discrimination," shouts Bradley Smith.

"Oh, shut your face," says Oreanna. "Come on, Binky, let's go."

Binky gathers her books into her backpack, Oreanna helping with the zipper.

"Just a minute," cries Tipstein. "Class isn't over yet."

Oreanna gives him the finger. She leads Binky by the hand. But before they reach the door, Binky, her voice trembling, her fingers twisting a kleenex, turns and says:

"Professor Tipstein, I think I have broken a sacred law of literary criticism. The author of the poem should not usually be confused with the speaker. If that is what you mean by intellectual dishonesty. . . ."

"I don't follow you," says Tipstein.

"I mean," says Binky, "that Catullus was a satirist, and he may be wearing a mask, a persona. You know. He may be criticizing the sort of man who could tear a passion to tatters. He may be criticizing the kind of lover he once was."

"Not a chance," says Tipstein. No wonder he loathes Binky. The old baggage has been waiting to show him up. He knew it would happen.

"But isn't it possible," asks Binky, still conciliatory, "that the text deconstructs itself? Then we do not have to see Catullus as a pig."

"Absolutely not," says Tipstein.

"You mean he *is* a pig?"

"I mean you are misinterpreting the poem . . . and me," cries Tipstein.

Binky turns. "I'm sorry," she says to Oreanna. "I tried to see both sides."

"Come on," says Oreanna. Together they leave the classroom. Oreanna slams the door. With the exception of Bradley Smith, the class has maintained a stoic silence. Or is it stone? Tipstein is clearly upset. Somehow he has played his cards wrong.

"What do you make of them?" he asks nobody in particular.

"Oreanna wants to run for student body prez. She's into every cause. She's a real loudmouth." Smith has taken up the cudgels. "I don't think they're that way, though."

"What way?" Tipstein asks.

"Lesbians," says Smith.

"*Pendejo*," cries the lady from Cuba.

"Horse's ass," cries Nadia Kawasake.

"Well, what if they are?" Brad is being non-judgmental.

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"You're really stupid," says Nadia, and then she turns to Tipstein. "I want to know one thing. Why did you make such a big deal about 'sucking off' for '*glubit*,' because I think my translation was equally graphic, if you must know."

"I forget what exactly you said," says Tipstein, still tremulous.

"Lube job. I said she was giving the guys a lube job."

"I guess I missed the metaphor," says Tipstein.

Tipstein fends off further assaults by promising to change her grade. He answers one or two more questions and then, *mirabile dictu*, dismisses the class. Early. Alas! This is what comes of playing games with people. This is what comes of trying to cause a rift between Oreanna and Binky and not being able to go about it scientifically because one is a humanist.

TIPSTEIN arrives at the meeting of the classics department in a daze. Professor Witcofsky-Jones addresses the problems they are facing. Latin and Greek are coming under attack for being elitist, even though archeology majors come from a variety of ethnic groups. The Latin proficiency examinations in some departments are coming under scrutiny for being too difficult. Several departments are even considering giving up the second language requirement, the third having already fallen by the wayside. But, most important, classics is under attack because the staff, except for the teaching assistants and the present acting head, are mostly white males. And enrollment is dropping. The usual declarations of woe and regret follow, that the university is now a place where young people come only to learn how to make money. Professor Witcofsky-Jones takes issue.

"Stop it," she says. "What do you think the university is about, anyway? What do you think grants are all about? What we want to do is encourage the idea that a knowledge of Latin and Greek also brings in money."

"*Oy vey!*" The cry comes from the retired head, who is unable to tear himself away from meetings. He is not Jewish.

"How, pray?" from another voice, more scornful, less dismayed.

"Computers. I am going to ask several of you to serve on a committee. If we can computerize our instruction, we can guarantee that anyone can learn Latin and Greek. You know what our passing rate is, if the kids haven't been spoonfed with four years of the stuff in high school. They can't get through two pages of Cicero. And they're mostly middle-class Caucasian. Our Asian kids are smarter."

Somebody brings up elitism. Will computers solve elitism? Witcofsky-Jones thinks they will. Latin and Greek can learn from Nintiendo.

"It's Nintendo."

Tipstein takes no part in the discussion. He is thinking of Oreanna, walking out. No one has ever done that before. He has never before dismissed his class early. It will get all over campus. What else? Oreanna will go with Binky to the reentry program and report him to the formidable woman who runs it. Even though he has just rewarded Binky, he has been cruel to Binky. And who will report his cruelty better than Oreanna? And the head of the reentry program will call up Witcofsky-Jones and then, in the light of all the present difficulties, the department will be accused of ageism. Can he be accused of sexism, too? Not with Binky. He should speak to Witcofsky-Jones again, but she is talking up this computer thing, madly. Macintosh or Apple must have her under contract. They are very aggressive. Tipstein leaves the meeting when his colleagues begin sipping herbal tea and decaf.

It is 4:30 P.M. The campus is calm except for the Animal Rights people who are unrelenting in their rage against white males. Or so Tipstein believes. They surround the Life Sciences building carrying really pitiable pictures of animals in torment. Tipstein's stomach is sour. He feels terribly vulnerable. He lowers his head all the way to the building that houses the reentry program.

Romola Archer is free to talk to him. The reception person—he is a man—tells Tipstein how lucky he is. People see Ms. Archer only by appointment, though she tries never to turn anyone away. Ms. Archer occupies an office full of wicker chairs and lavender. Even the walls are lavender. The office smells of herbal incense. Ms. Archer is a handsome woman in her forties, elegantly attired in green sweat pants and shirt to match. She has just returned from jogging, but she has washed her face and looks refreshed.

"I needed it," she says.

"Yes," says Tipstein. They have already introduced themselves. She offers him something to drink—apple juice, herbal tea, Calistoga water. He declines. He thanks her.

"What can I do for you?" Ms. Archer breaks the ice which has already formed.

"I don't know how to begin," he says.

"Just begin. It's easier that way."

"Do you know Bianca Minkowitz?" he asks.

"No, I can't say that I do." Her look is firm but sympathetic.

"You don't?" Tipstein is amazed. "You don't know Bianca Minkowitz? You don't know Binky?"

"Oh, Binky," she says. "Yes, I know Binky." She is about to say more, but she waits for Tipstein who has drawn in a deep breath.

Oddly, she seems to show no enthusiasm for Binky. She is not crowing or glowing or clucking. She is just sitting, waiting. It is disconcerting.

"Isn't she one of your reentry stars?" he asks.

"Heavens, no. She doesn't come near us."

"But she's so old. How did she get into the

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university without your assistance?" Tipstein is confused.

"It can be done, you know."

"But how?"

"A number of ways. The Graduate Record Exam. Binky must have done well on the GRE. But I think she arrived with a published honors thesis, something about Baudelaire and Magritte. The French department was very eager to receive her."

"She isn't one of your people?" Tipstein shakes his handsome head. He is apprehensive.

"No, she's a snob."

"Oh," he says, "oh." The color leaves his face. He asks if she perhaps knows Oreanna. Now Ms. Archer's face is kinder.

"Yes, I do." Tipstein's color returns.

"She's part of our tutoring program."

"They're friends," he says from a haze.

"Yes, I know. Oreanna is trying to raise Binky's consciousness."

"I'm afraid it's working," he says, and then he catches himself. "It's working very nicely."

Ms. Archer's brow is now furrowed, especially since Tipstein suddenly gets to his feet and announces his departure. "Thank you," he says.

"But how can I help you?" Ms. Archer asks, looking at him with suspicion.

"I really came by because I thought. . . ."

But Tipstein doesn't really know what he thought or what to say next. And then a divinity, a white fudge divinity, inspires him. He stands tall.

"I came by because I thought Binky . . . Bianca . . . I think Bianca is . . . was . . . a handicapped person because of her age. Obviously she is not. But she is old, and yet she is doing very well in classics. Very well indeed. And what I want to say is that . . . I'd like you to encourage your reentry people to study classics, to study classical languages, especially because we're going to be doing marvelous things with computers, and they can kill two birds with one stone."

"What birds?" Ms. Archer asks.

"Your reentry students may have to think of getting a job as well as an education. Classics may be a luxury for some, but not if they are also learning a new technique and all that."

Ms. Archer is about to ask "all what," but thinks better of it.

"And what about Oreanna?" she asks intuitively.

"She can help. You see, if the ladies are Binky's age, I mean the women are . . . even a little younger, they may have missed the new way to read classics, and here is an opportunity to make up for what they've lost. Oreanna can give them insights into the authors of classical antiquity, new insights, she really can. She can raise their consciousnesses in unexpected ways. She can make them think young, young, not like sticks in the mud. So even if they have no place to go, we can rescue them from elitist and sexist thinking. And they can rescue us by their experience. Whatever we may be, we are not ageists. So send us your old, Ms. Archer, send us your tired but inspired, send us your refugees and your hostages. Send us your strugglers. Send us those whose grasps exceed their reach. Send us your Binkys."

"She's not ours to send," says Ms. Archer.

But Tipstein has already bowed to her and even clicked his heels. He turns and leaves her office in an absolute epiphany of love. Ms. Archer leaves her seat to gaze after him as he strides across campus. She thinks he's crazy, but Tipstein knows where he is going. The velvet face of Oreanna has risen before him and calls: "Come to the Bouche Fermée, where I take a *latte* every afternoon at four." Tipstein, possessed, follows, who knows how. He is certain he has done the right thing. He will sit beside her, tell her what a pig he's been. He will confess his jealousy of Binky. He will offer to be good to Binky, as if she were Lesbia's sparrow. He will love Oreanna as no woman was ever loved, or girl. He will put away childish things like phallocentrism. He will love, he will cherish. His head is filled with song.

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Retirement Blues

Morris Freedman

As I approach retirement as a professor, I keep remembering an afternoon I spent with Marjorie Nicolson, "Miss Nicky," as she used to be called when she was head of graduate studies in English at Columbia. After she retired in 1962, she lived on and off in Butler, a university-owned residential hotel across the street from Philosophy Hall, where she had presided so long and so famously during the department's golden age following World War II. I visited her in Butler a number of times. She had guided my doctoral dissertation, and I kept in touch with her over the years.

Lately, the memory of one of our last meetings has become especially vivid for me, possibly the very last one before she went off to a nursing home in Yonkers, New York, there slowly to lose touch with her past until she died. During that visit I became aware of her intense discomfort about being retired. She complained particularly about the swinishness of one of her former colleagues. She had always been blunt about persons we knew but she had never before, in similarly relaxed circumstances, Scotch in hand, spoken so bitterly about others or about the profession. She seemed to have been brooding about her career.

Miss Nicky's melancholy sense of retirement was consistent with similarly strong feelings about retirement that I have encountered over the years. Joseph Wood Krutch, another of my Columbia teachers, retired to Arizona, there to write several celebrated books on the landscape. He stopped once in Albuquerque to get an honorary degree at the University of New Mexico, where I was then teaching, and I was assigned as his host. We drove about the countryside, pausing now and then as he got out of the car to examine an unfamiliar plant. We reminisced, of course, about Columbia. He sadly remembered certain colleagues and students in his last years there as arrogant and cliquish, dismissive and even contemptuous of him and his work, both of which had fallen out of fashion. He expressed a courteous but firm skepticism when I tried to assure him that he was wrong about some of the persons he referred to.

One man I knew simply vanished on retirement. He walked out of our building at the University of Maryland late in May after handing in his grades for the semester, the final ones of his career, without saying goodbye, not even to the secretaries, never, so far as anyone knew, to be heard from again in the department. He was seen years after, it was reported, on a downtown street in Washington. Over the years, other professors ignored invitations to retirement ceremonies without so much as a sorry, thank you.

THE original burden of Miss Nicky's complaint was encompassingly broad, about retirement in general, although after a while she went into more and more personal detail. She lamented being unable to continue contributing her experience and wisdom on some formalized basis. She had spent her life in teaching and administration. Reading and research alone were not enough to satisfy her, even though she had kept up her contacts in the profession, knew current scholarship and criticism, and talked longingly of resuming her work on the papers of the great historian of ideas, Arthur O. Lovejoy, which she carried around with her. From time to time she had returned to teaching and administration, at Columbia, Princeton, and the West Coast, full- and part-time, for a semester or longer, sometimes without compensation, as when she took over the duties of Louis Landa at Princeton when he became seriously ill. But all that was sporadic, marginal.

That afternoon in her tiny quarters she still retained a full grasp of her sharp intelligence and her exquisite judgment, a memory awesome in its minuteness, and, not least, her unique and acute sensitivity to academic currents and traditions. The continued if informal reliance on her by major university departments and by personages throughout the profession, in the endowments, and in publishing testified to the professional presence she still exerted.

The one detail that she fiercely recalled about her retirement was the way her successor as head, whom she had helped select, swiftly emptied out her office on the very day he was formally named (when she happened to be away), piling up her books, papers, and personal items in the hall outside, not even cursorily apologizing when she ran into him the next day amid the ruins. For him, his appointment meant canceling her from his universe. For her, the behavior was a sign of the new generation's attitude toward her in retirement.

What exasperated her most, though, I would say, was the simple waste of her vast expertise. A specialist on, among other subjects, literary accounts of voyages to the moon, for example, she expressed annoyance that reporters did not know enough to talk with her in preparing their reports of man's

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first landing there. She chafed at seeing administrative wheels being reinvented over and over without anyone ever pausing in the tinkering to call on her experience. She fretted that while the then president of Columbia showed enough awareness of her, after she had been mugged in the neighborhood, to assign a campus policeman to accompany her on walks, he never consulted her on any managerial problem.

THAT afternoon with Miss Nicky assumes its sharpness as I find myself confronting the prospect of my own retirement, now a closer and closer reality. I wonder whether what troubled Miss Nicky, and some of the other professors I have known, is the intensity of remorse that rises at this critical period, immediately pre- and post-retirement, specifically over having taken the road of academic life in the first place. Here, near the end of the road, as we look back to the fork that might have led us elsewhere, as we look to the left and right and regard those who made alternate choices, we suffer the sudden, terrible bile of late insight. We come to the end of a vocation that called on us totally, year-'round, night and day, as we continued our endless reading and ruminating, prepared classes and papers, worked out problems in sleep, brooded over the psychological and moral troubles of students and colleagues, made notes on holidays. With almost vengeful resentment, we recall among our fellows the self-serving mandarins, carpetbaggers, bootlickers, piratical freebooters, time-servers, crass careerists, coxcombs, illiterates and semi-literates.

Even the mildest mannered and most sunnily endowed who ever gave themselves authentically to teaching and study may feel in some way betrayed, cheated, as they come to the time of summing up. Those who find themselves shedding a long enchantment about the profession probably feel worst. Most reluctantly they conclude that they may have led an essentially hollow life, that they have dumbly led "with uncessant care . . . the lonely, slighted shepherd's trade." They do not accept Milton's defiant but perhaps, finally, essentially callow justification, expressed in his first great poem while trying to absorb the early death in a shipwreck of a talented classmate, that "fame" is enough "spur" for dedication to a noble if unrewarding career. They are quietly astonished to discover, as Peggy Lee put it in her song, that that's all there was, very little more than the shepherd's trade itself, and that we must take that realization alone as "the fair Guerdon," the glittering prize. We realize that many among us have only been like Ibsen's Tesman and Lovborg, Chekhov's Serebriakof, and those other futile and clownish professorial ne'er-do-wells in the fiction of David Lodge, Mary McCarthy, Randall Jarrell, Howard Jacobson. At most and at least, we no longer have to deceive ourselves about what there is.

MISS NICKY was a high-school teacher early in her career; before she assumed her duties at Columbia, she had been dean at Smith College. She seemed always to have been a teacher, scholar, administrator, an academic personage. I do not imagine that she ever thought about some other professional path not taken. But I think of choices I had and never took seriously, of cautions given me, of apprehensions about academic life I put aside. I call to mind another afternoon, talking with Lionel Trilling in his spare office in Hamilton Hall. I was in a seminar he was giving, and we had discovered we had friends in common at COMMENTARY, for which I had then begun writing. He wondered why I wanted a doctorate. He was gently amused at my starry-eyed vision of the academic life and said a few wry and oblique words about my idealizing some sorry realities. I remember Ralph Gordon, who taught poetry so brilliantly and sensitively at City College and often spoke in allusive, resonating phrases, reminding me once that one must be like fine steel to survive in the profession.

Much of the richness of Miss Nicky's accomplishment must have derived from her lifelong singleness of purpose, her early, unambiguous sense of vocation. By contrast, I think of another Columbia professor, an often funny standup comic in his lecture classes, who used to say in seminar that he got into English and the academic life by accident, during the Depression, as anyone might have, that he might as easily have found himself in business, and that he could never understand those of his colleagues and students who took the study of literature so "seriously." He approached his field as a staked claim to be mined strictly for academic profit. I think, too, of persons, some with Ph.D.'s, who left the profession for law, advertising, publishing. One got a Master's degree in social work against the day he might become fed up with being a professor of English.

Ironically, just those aspects of the academic life that at the moment irritate me—especially the widespread abuse of tenure and the equally widespread hostility of junior toward senior faculty—derive from exactly those that once seemed so inviting. The comforting shelter of tenure that allows malfeasance and nonfeasance to flourish also encourages originality and confident private dedication to fulfill themselves. The license to be iconoclastic in the pursuit of discovery and creation may well stimulate among novitiates a bumptious neglect of amenity. I shudder when I recall the idle, smart challenges I offered to so many of my teachers: the very mellowness and tolerance of their responses may well have been among the hidden voices that guided me into my adult vocation. Surely I was the oblivious recipient of more kindness and generosity than I have lately been able to feel toward my more offending junior colleagues.

PERHAPS all this is not really to the point. I can easily imagine that anyone coming to the end of any career has more negative than positive feelings, even when a sense of relief must be great, as it happens not to be with me. We put stop to an identity. Like the runner who gives himself totally to the race and cannot just come to a sharp halt

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at the finish line, hit by a brick wall, we keep on running, less and less vigorously, to be sure, and we circle back. Unlike those who have had happy, expectant visions of retirement, hoping at last to do things put aside for years, hoping simply to unload the pressures of agendas, I do not wish to abandon teaching or give up my participation in academic routine. I find myself discomfited and surprised by a rising gorge, which I had been so surprised to find surprising in Miss Nicky. I summon up too many memories. I suppose, though, more to the point is whether we feel at the finish that the race was worth running. Of course it was, although I cannot right now altogether say why.

Music

Musical Competitions

Samuel Lipman

THERE is only one criterion by which the stature of a music-performance competition can be judged: the ability to provide its first-place winners with major international careers. Over the past sixty years or so, there has been a plethora of competitions aspiring to meet this criterion. Yet while several—those in Jerusalem, Warsaw, and Geneva come to mind—have produced winners who quickly went on to make important careers, none has consistently managed, over a period of time, to do so. Even the most musically esteemed competitions, the Queen Elisabeth International Competition in Brussels and the International Tchaikowsky Competition in Moscow, have spotty records in translating winning into careers.

The Queen Elisabeth competition, originally named after the great Belgian violinist Eugène Ysaÿe, started off with a bang. Its first two winners, both Soviet, were the violinist David Oistrakh (1937) and the pianist Emil Gilels (1938); no subsequent Elisabeth winner—not even the American pianist Leon Fleisher (1952) or the Soviet pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy (1956)—went on to scale quite the same heights of performing fame. By the late 1950's competition leadership had moved to the Tchaikowsky, where in 1958 the American pianist Van Cliburn was the first winner, and instantly became a star. But as with the Queen Elisabeth, nothing the Tchaikowsky has done since has matched the triumph of its debut.

The causes of this seemingly inevitable downward trajectory are various. The world of instrumental music in general seems less capable of producing charismatic performers than it once was; the repertory on which great careers can be based seems somehow stale, and flattened through repetition, especially on recordings; there are now more concerts, and, especially, more competitions, thus making the winning of a first prize less of a distinction than it used to be; perhaps most important, classical music no longer provides a world encapsulating both our greatest artistic achievements and our fondest hopes for the future of art.

And yet it could have been said—at least until this past summer—that the quadrennial Tchaikowsky competition remained not just the most significant music contest in the world but an important musical event in itself. There were many reasons why this should have been so. The USSR was a closed and faraway country, made all the more attractive (so long as one failed to look at the weaponry, the politics, and the empire) by mystery and distance. The Soviet musical tradition, despite its having been attacked, manipulated, and corrupted by Stalin and Zhdanov and their successors, seemed strong, boasting the composers Shostakovich and Prokofiev and a long list of brilliant instrumentalists and conductors. And a further factor conspired to make the Tchaikowsky important: music-lovers in the West—echoing Paul Goodman's remark in the late 1950's (about the suppression of Boris Pasternak's novel *Dr. Zhivago*) that even in prohibiting certain books the Soviets paid greater respect to literature than we did—often found that in the USSR, serious music was taken seriously.

IN 1990, despite all the dislocations that the Soviet Union had been prey to, the Tchaikowsky was held on schedule, with the most important public performance sessions taking place as always in the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory, under a huge portrait of the composer. An American television director named Bill Fertik was there to tape it all, as he had done during past Tchaikowsky competitions, and the film he made was aired on public television this past Christmas day. The film, for all its mu-

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sical lacunae, offered no end of a lesson, both about music and about life, cultural and otherwise, in the USSR.

Lasting some ninety minutes, the Fertik film was an almost completely unintegrated mélange of music, intrigue, complaints, and, surprisingly, Russian soul. It began with the "Revolutionary" Étude of Chopin, used as a background to an impassioned but fragmentary utterance of Mikhail Gorbachev, along with brief shots of contestants, street theater, an arrest of a young demonstrator, and a Russian Orthodox church service; sometimes, too, the camera went back to the étude being played (or so it seemed) by several different pianists, one following the other.

It soon became plain that the 1990 Tchaikowsky competition was hardly the apple of the official Soviet eye that the preceding event in 1986 had been. Contestants who had entered the earlier competition remarked, with some bitterness, that last time they had been honored guests; this time the hosts wanted to get the whole thing over with. In 1986, the contestants had been picked up at the airport; this time they were forced to shift for themselves. There were too few interpreters, little hot water, and cockroaches: one contestant, who had killed a cockroach the morning of his performance, remarked, "You can't imagine what insects do to me."

Suddenly we heard the beginning of the Scriabin D sharp minor Étude (misidentified on the screen as the Rachmaninov D major Étude-tableau). But almost immediately this famous piano composition was effaced (though it could still he heard in the background) by an American juror declaring: "No matter what you say, if you've made it in Tchaikowsky, you've established your mark." Back to the music for a second, and then, the music only barely audible, several contestants spoke about how important the competition was to them. At least one of them, the Soviet violinist Evgeny Bushkov (who later would win the second prize), spoke from the heart: "All I need is some people to listen to me." Still another said rashly that in the Tchaikowsky, "You have to be absolutely perfect, musically, technically."

Now it was the turn of the 24th Caprice of Paganini, a spliced rendition of which was played by a seemingly endless stream of violinists. Soon we were told that is was the custom to require contestants eliminated in the preliminary round to leave Moscow as soon as possible—preferably the next morning—after they were told of their fate. The same American judge who had earlier talked about establishing a mark in the Tchaikowsky now said that he liked the word the Soviets used for these expellees: "Tourists."

NEXT came still another cooperative performance, this time of the Bach G minor Prelude and Fugue from Book II of the *Well-Tempered Clavier*. Some of the playing, I thought, was excellent, but it was quickly buried by a bombshell: the disclosure that contestants had to pay bribes—sometimes in dollars—in order to get food. Suddenly the camera shifted to covering a Soviet musicians' strike, with an interpreter telling the camera that culture workers receive 130 rubles monthly, whereas prisoners get 150. Competition officials said that they had no government support: they had only five buses and three cars for all their transportation needs. Furthermore, unless there was a change in the political culture, this might be the last Tchaikowsky competition.

The Beethoven "Waldstein" Sonata, well-played by the Soviet pianist Boris Berezovsky, the eventual winner of the piano first prize, reared its head for an instant, but it was interrupted by a brief excerpt from a piano lesson being taken by the small daughter of Berezovsky's wife. This attractive young woman told a joke about socialism, and there was more talk against socialism from people on the street, who asked the United States to help the struggling Soviet democracy; we began to hear a competition performance of the Liszt G sharp minor Étude, "La Campanella," at first in the background, and then at full volume.

We now saw a rotund older man on the street asking what was going on; when he was told that it was an American film crew, he said in an excellent accent, brimming over with friendliness: "Ah, from the United States! We may talk English!" He announced that he was a Shakespeare scholar and that he had been present at every Tchaikowsky competition since the first one in 1958. He lamented that pianists today were good and strong and pragmatic, but not romantic, like Cliburn. As if to confirm his judgment, the camera cut to a performance of the Scriabin Fourth Sonata by an American, Stephen Prutsman; his playing sounded orderly and even mechanical.

BY THIS time it was Round 2. The number of pianists had been cut from 118 to 40, and of violinists from 66 to 31. We were shown a fairly extended clip of anti-Stalinist, anti-socialist street theater, presumably taking place outside the Moscow Conservatory. Berezovsky's wife said charmingly that nothing in the USSR worked; the shops were empty, there were no condoms in the drugstores. Alyssa Park, an excellent sixteen-year-old American violinist, later to win third prize, played the very end of the (unidentified) second movement of the Franck A major Violin Sonata.

Once more we were returned to the theme of corruption. One contestant recounted that he had seen another, a North Korean violinist, being coached by her teacher, who was also a juror. Yet another contestant, a Korean-American violinist, said, "There's no such thing as keeping the rules here." James Gibb, a British pianist and juror, told how, shortly before the competition, he had given a lesson in London to a Korean contestant, and received from her father an envelope containing $1,000 in American currency. Gibb thought about the matter, returned the bribe, and informed the authorities.

Before this story had really sunk in, we were moved on to bits of the Sarasate *Carmen Fantasy*, not very well played by the Korean-American violinist just mentioned, but brilliantly played by Akiko Suwo-

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nai of Japan, the eventual first-prize winner. The violinist Bushkov complained about Soviet concert life, in which the Tchaikowsky competition was necessary because there was no free market, everything being controlled by institutions and bureaucrats. Berezovsky's wife added the traditional Slavic point that difficulties in life make for the development of personality. We were then taken to Scriabin's home, where we heard Berezovsky play part of the moody C sharp minor Étude (Opus 2, No. 1) on the composer's own piano. More transpired about the Korean student whose father had offered the $1,000 bribe to Gibb: evidently she had come to Moscow just before the competition for lessons with still other members of the jury.

Berezovsky gave a remarkably light and easy, though a bit charmless, performance (fortunately presented in full, without distractions) of the Liszt Transcendental Étude "Feux Follets," one of the most difficult test-pieces ever written for the piano. He was immediately followed by further news from Gibb on the corruption front: the Korean lesson-taker's father had just presented a new Hamburg Steinway concert grand to the Moscow Conservatory. After this, jurors complained that they were not being informed of the averaged scores that they themselves had awarded to the contestants in the preliminary round. Then an Italian pianist played, not very musically, the movement "August" from Tchaikowsky's rather boring *Seasons*.

Now the finalists were announced, 12 in piano and 12 in violin. Here, in what are usually the climactic hours of every great international competition, all contestants are required to play a concerto, giving them a chance to scale the true pinnacle of virtuoso glory: one lonely performer, assisted (it is to be hoped) by a good conductor, dominating perhaps a hundred orchestral players in a work written to emphasize the power of the individual over the mass. Because the soloist must have freedom of pulse and pacing in order to win his triumph, the conductor must be sensitive to his wishes. Because the orchestra role, no matter how subsidiary it may at times seem, is often uncomfortably written for the players and in any case requires close listening to the soloist, the group assisting in a great competition must be highly competent and well-rehearsed.

The pieces chosen on this occasion were some of the most important works of the concerto literature: they included the Tchaikowsky Violin Concerto as well as Piano Concertos by Chopin (E minor), Tchaikowsky (B flat minor), Prokofiev (C major), and Rachmaninov (D minor). All these concertos, very much including the Chopin, lie at the heart of the sentimental, expansive, and flamboyant performing tradition in which the Moscow Conservatory (like its counterpart in Leningrad) has always specialized.

But to judge by this film, the final round of the International Tchaikowsky Competition turned out to be a mess. The various conductors were hacks, routinely sawing the air with their arms in uncaring ignorance of the soloists' musical intentions. The orchestra was small and scrubby-sounding, with something approaching disdain written on the faces of all too many players. And most of the soloists themselves sounded callow and dogged, unable either to follow the conductor or to impress their conceptions on the orchestra.

The Prokofiev Concerto, played in the film by more than one finalist, was perhaps the biggest disaster: ensemble was very ragged, with the soloists failing to do more than spit out the notes more or less accurately. The beautiful and touching Chopin Concerto, played gracefully by the American Kevin Kenner, suffered too from bad ensemble, and we were immediately shown the soloist's anger and disgust over a miscue in the orchestra. The famous Tchaikowsky Piano Concerto, which became immensely popular in Cliburn's post-Moscow 1958 recording, fared little better in the Italian Enrico Pace's weak performance, at once stiff and confused; here also the orchestra and the conductor functioned as powerful handicaps. But Suwonai's lovely playing of the Tchaikowsky Violin Concerto, though it too was damaged by a poorly accompanying conductor and orchestra, demonstrated powerfully what had been becoming more and more obvious throughout the entire film: young Oriental violinists and pianists, after a process of acculturation occurring over at least three generations, have now become fully the equal of their Occidental peers in penetration of the masterpieces of classical music and in their commitment to this great body of work.

Fittingly, the film ended with the closing section of the last movement of the Rachmaninov Concerto. Romantic, brilliant, endlessly stirring, the finale of the Rachmaninov is a kind of hymn to the pianist as conqueror. Now at the center of every young virtuoso's dream of glory, the concerto was first played by the composer himself in 1910 with Gustav Mahler and the New York Philharmonic (Rachmaninov was impressed that Mahler kept the orchestra well beyond the scheduled close of the rehearsal to perfect the accompaniment). Furthermore, the concerto was long associated with Vladimir Horowitz, and was played and recorded by Cliburn, to tumultuous success, upon his return from Moscow to America.

The Rachmaninov pianist in the film was the winner, Boris Berezovsky. He certainly had the work's many notes well in hand, but he too was unable to influence the conductor and the orchestra. The heaven-storming pages that close the concerto arrived all in a heap, each player out for himself. Still, the audience, made up (as it had been throughout) of the young—including children—and the old, erupted into cheers, as it had touchingly done so many times during the film. Now the competition was over; to the sound of the famous slow variation from the Rachmaninov *Variations on a Theme of Paganini*, the prize-winners' names appeared on the screen, along with a few credits, and the Ninth International Tchaikowsky Competition passed into history, or at least into television history.

Assuming the film's portrayal to be accurate, it can hardly be doubted

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that the Tchaikowsky competition now lacks both musical standing and the one attribute such a competition must have in order to impress its winners on the musical public—glamor. It must be mentioned also that the Tchaikowsky no longer even includes the first rank of Soviet instrumental talents: conspicuously missing from the list of contestants was the young Evgeny Kissin, the pianist who made a spectacular success in his American appearances this past year and whose recordings of such composers as Rachmaninov are now in great demand.*

So far as the film itself goes, it was obvious that Fertik was not concerned here to show the music being performed, or even the musical thoughts of contestants and jurors about the work on which they were engaged; only the shortest pieces, and not even all of these, were given in full. The odious practice of splicing together different performers into a seamless but nevertheless artificial product was ubiquitous. No living Soviet composers were mentioned, nor was any of their music played. Only two Soviet jurors were mentioned by name, one of them (Evgeny Malinin) being identified as a recipient of the Korean lesson-taker's largesse. The film in no way dealt with the (at least initially) grand history of the Tchaikowsky competition; to the best of my recollection, there was not a single shot of Cliburn or of his victory.

Fertik's true subject was not music but the chaos in the Soviet Union. Not a single good word about the formerly all-powerful state was to be heard from anyone, whether contestants, jurors, administrators, or passers-by. The recurring theme of the film was corruption, a state of affairs, one gathered, pandemic in Soviet society. The contestants, whether Soviet or foreign, thought the deck was stacked against them, and that they were being rudely treated as well. Of the two jurors who spoke on camera, one, James Gibb, was harshly condemnatory; the other, Daniel Pollack of the U.S., though not going quite so far, still had nothing favorable to offer about the competition's management. The administrators too complained about official policy toward the competition, and were negative about the prospect of future competitions. Passers-by all seemed to be dissidents, willing to call into question Stalin, Communism, and socialism, as well as the ruling morality and day-to-day actions of the Soviet state.

BEYOND revealing the current sorry state of the Tchaikowsky competition, and the overarching (though hardly sorry) collapse of Soviet authority, the film did manage to make one thing perfectly clear: what is compellingly attractive about contemporary Soviet life are the spunk and brains of the people, the beauty of the music of Tchaikowsky, Scriabin, Prokofiev, and Rachmaninov that they so lovingly claim for their own, the memories and grandeur of the Moscow Conservatory, and the profoundly rich life of such historically feuding parties as the intelligentsia and the church. None of this is in any way the product of Lenin and Stalin, or of Bolshevism. It is instead the residue—tormented, almost destroyed through terror and murder, woefully corrupted, and almost exhausted—of the days before 1914; what remains of that civilization, in music and literature (and dance, too), is everywhere Russian, never Soviet. Difficult as it is to say in our democratic age, even the Romanovs, against whose regime the Revolution was made, were vastly more benign guardians of high culture than their Bolshevik successors. Perhaps the watchword ought to be Russian culture, *da*; Soviet power, *nyet*.

* In this regard, it is significant that as recently as 1962, the Soviet government was able to compel Vladimir Ashkenazy, by then already internationally established as a major pianist, to compete in the Tchaikowsky competition; it was said that the government wanted to make sure that Cliburn's victory in 1958 would be followed by a Soviet winner. In the event, Ashkenazy tied for the first prize with the English pianist John Ogden.

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Is Oil Everything?

THE PRIZE: THE EPIC QUEST FOR OIL, MONEY & POWER. By DANIEL YERGIN. *Simon & Schuster. 876 pp. $24.95.*

Reviewed by GEORGE RUSSELL

DANIEL YERGIN'S timing could hardly have been better. With Kuwait kidnapped, and roughly one million U.S., allied, and Iraqi troops poised to shoot, history conspired to make his sprawling, heavily documented work about the centrality of petroleum to the modern world order supremely topical and compelling. Would that the book itself rose to the occasion. Yergin, president of Cambridge Energy Research Associates, billed as a leading authority on world affairs and the oil business, indefatigable proselytizer for alternative energy scenarios, has offered up a major disappointment.

The Prize claims to be an epic narrative, a history of what Yergin calls "the age of oil"—i.e., our age. Its thesis is that crude oil now lies at the bottom of Everything: not only industrial organization, but entire forms of civilization. By extension, how the Western world deals with its relationship to oil is a key to how the West will deal with Everything. Unfortunately, *The Prize* does not begin to come to grips with the issues which according to its author we need to confront if "hydrocarbon civilization"—meaning, more or less, life as we in the West know it—is to resolve its many contradictions. Instead, it is a heavy mass of often shapeless information entwined around a fairly familiar historical core.

The Prize fares best as straight commercial history: the story of the great, globe-girdling enterprises built upon the discovery of the properties of long-dead plant matter. For roughly half its length, *The Prize* tells a fascinating and in many ways profoundly American tale of development, starting with George Bissell, the self-made polymath who first divined that drilling for supplies of petroleum might open the door to a massive expansion of the kerosene lighting industry. Bissell and a group of investors formed the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company, found a mercurial jack-of-all-trades named Edwin L. Drake to do their drilling for them, and in 1859 inaugurated the first wild American oil boom near Titusville, Pennsylvania. Their success was soon followed by overproduction, glut, and depression, periodic characteristics of the oil industry to this day (and an important reason behind Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait).

If the first theme of the early sections of *The Prize* is petroleum's expanding empire, the second is the efforts made to bring the cycle of scarcity and production under control, from John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil Trust to the councils of OPEC. Along his lengthy way, Yergin introduces us to an intriguing parade of characters, from Rockefeller and his associates to Marcus Samuel, the driven son of an East London shell merchant who founded Shell Oil, to Henri Wilhelm August Deterding, the iron-willed manager of nascent Royal Dutch Petroleum, who built up the company from the turn of the century until he was shunted aside in the 1930's after succumbing to Naziphilia. Yergin writes intriguingly of the recurrent role of Winston Churchill, first in converting the British navy from coal to oil power just prior to World War I, then in switching from side to side in the creation of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company (later British Petroleum) as a government-dominated instrument of British energy policy in the interwar years. Since Britain had no oil of its own, it was London's decision to switch to oil propulsion—needed to maintain technological supremacy over the rising German fleet—that more than anything else converted the politics of oil into strategic politics. (For the U.S., the issue of oil management was, until the discovery of the immense Saudi and Kuwaiti oil fields in the late 1930's, more of a conventional commodity concern, since—wondrous to remember—America was the world's major oil exporter.)

THERE is plenty of grist for populists and anti-capitalists in the saga of the rise of international oil, though Yergin himself does not yield much to the temptation. The story has often been told of Big Oil's maneuvering to gain and maintain its concession rights in Latin America and the Middle East, and the concomitant efforts at cartelization and other means of dividing up the oil pie. Yergin is both understanding of and fairly sympathetic to the underlying dilemma behind many of these oft-maligned efforts: the dilemma of dealing with the boom-or-bust cycle of a commodity which, however vital to the West, has behaved in all too ordinary an economic fashion. A minor fault with *The Prize* is that these and other intriguing issues—how Rockefeller's Standard Oil trust actually worked, details of the Rothschilds' role in developing the Russian oil industry—often demand more texture than Yergin provides, despite the imposing length of his work. So vast is his canvas that events of great interest often march past at the brisk and unsatisfying rate of a survey course.

Others, however, remain bogged down, seemingly forever. Starting with its treatment of World War II, *The Prize* begins to waver and bloat. Yergin's determination to locate petroleum as one of the fundamental issues of the war results in a number of alarmingly reductive readings of the conflict. Thus, he quotes Nazi supply-*meister* Albert Speer to the effect that "the

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need for oil certainly was a prime motive" in Hitler's drive against Russia; in some sense it may have been, but in no sense greater than Hitler's manic anti-Bolshevism. Again, Yergin claims that without America's surplus oil production capacity of about one million barrels per day at the onset of hostilities, "the course of World War II might have been different." Well, by how much? At still another point he argues that the real difference between British and German air forces in the Battle of Britain might be measured in thirteen points on the octane scale; Britain's Spitfires were topped off with 100-octane fuel, while Germany's Me-109s only used 87 octane. Yergin solemnly assures us that "Some attribute Britain's critical edge and victory in that life-and-death air battle to the 100-octane gas." No doubt "some" do.

YERGIN finally arrives in the postwar period at roughly the midpoint of his narrative, and from then on *The Prize* becomes ever more muddled. The oil industry was one of the first to confront the multifarious challenges of third-world nationalism and nationalization, but the truly important story of how it fared is too often buried here under numbing accounts of the renegotiation of oil leases and the merger of lesser firms into larger ones. The fact is that in these years the international oil world grew in complexity beyond Yergin's ability to describe it. Tens of countries were involved, rather than a handful of robber barons; nationalistic bureaucracies grew vast and unfathomable, motivations chokingly complex.

Yergin's way around many of these complexities is simple-mindedly to affirm the centrality of oil to world politics—in itself impossible to deny. He skirts but does not succumb to conspiracy theory, a glue which other writers, including the oil industry's many Marxist non-admirers, have used to keep their disparate constructions together. But he fails to address any number of critical questions raised by his thesis that oil is Everything.

If, for instance, oil interests enjoy the paramountcy in national policies that Yergin ascribes to them, why in 1971 did the British suddenly and unilaterally abandon their military commitments in the Persian Gulf region? A number of important historians, most notably J.B. Kelly (*Arabia, the Gulf, and the West*), see in this abandonment a major cause of the gulf crisis we are still living with, for it led directly to a dangerous power vacuum and to the arming of regional powers like Iran and Iraq, first as an alternative arrangement for the balance of power (as articulated by Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger), then as a desperate and dangerous method of recycling oil debt. Yergin notes the event, as he must, but with nowhere near the care it deserves.

In similar fashion he does not delve deeply enough into the behavior of the Truman administration during the earlier (1948-54) crisis of legitimacy of the Pahlavi dynasty in Iran. At the very time the administration was struggling with that crisis, allegedly on behalf of American oil interests, Washington was authorizing criminal antitrust action (later diluted to civil proceedings) *against* U.S. oil companies. In 1949, the Federal Trade Commission issued a report, entitled *The International Petroleum Cartel*, which Yergin himself declares one of the most unsympathetic, even misleading and unfair, documents ever aimed at the industry. Why these seemingly contradictory policies?

The answer to these and other questions lies in an area that Yergin's book does not address: the shifting calculus of intersecting national strategies. There is no doubt whatsoever that petroleum—access to it, pricing, volume of supply, and myriad other related details—has become a vital element in that bewildering calculus. Americans have fought and died in part on that account. But only in part: the story of oil is not, as Yergin avers, the thread that leads one in and out of the world-historical labyrinth. That is merely a technocratic fantasy. And it is why, in the end, Yergin himself, and his *Prize*, become so thoroughly lost in the telling.

Postmodern Moderate

MODERNITY ON ENDLESS TRIAL. By LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI. *University of Chicago Press. 304 pp. $24.95.*

Reviewed by PETER L. BERGER

POLISH-BORN, in the West since the late 60's, Leszek Kolakowski now divides his time between the universities of Oxford and Chicago. His stature as a philosopher and as an astute commentator on our time is well-established. Aside from his magisterial three-volume history of Marxist thought, he has offered keen insight into the struggle between totalitarianism and liberty, and on the possibilities of religion under modern conditions.

The present volume of essays written in the 1970's and 80's begins with reflections on the role of intellectuals in modernity and concludes with thoughts on the nature of theories and ideologies. But the bulk of the essays deal with religion and politics, respectively subsumed under the headings "On the Dilemmas of the Christian Legacy" and "On Liberals, Revolutionaries, and Utopians." As always with essay collections, the sequence is intended to suggest a unitary argument and only partially succeeds. But what comes through is the voice of the author. It is a rather quiet voice, more thoughtful than insistent, almost always troubled.

Virtually every one of these essays is worth reading, but a few should be singled out. "Looking for the Barbarians: The Illusions of Cultural Universalism" ringingly affirms the unique capacity of the Western mind to see things from the perspective of other cultures, while just as emphatically rejecting the proposition that all cultures are equal; orginally published in French in 1980, the essay is highly relevant to today's discussions of multiculturalism. "The Revenge of the Sacred in Secular Culture" is a devastating critique of attempts to make religion more palatable by

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adapting it to modern secularity. "The Self-Poisoning of the Open Society" offers a description of the antinomies of liberation, and is important enough in itself to justify the publication of this volume. For humorous relief, the last section contains two delightful satires on contemporary intellectual fads, "The General Theory of Not-Gardening" ("The alternative to not-gardening without a theory is to garden. However, it is much easier to have a theory than to garden") and "The Emperor Kennedy Legend: A New Anthropological Debate" (a report on efforts to theorize about President Kennedy on the basis of a few books and periodicals which have survived a natural catastrophe).

This, then, is a very good book by an author who merits both intellectual and moral respect. But Kolakowski's reflections on religion, and to a somewhat lesser extent on politics, also raise some critical questions. These arise from a certain ambiguity Kolakowski hints at in his foreword when he says that the essays are not aimed at edifying but "are rather appeals for moderation in consistency. . . ." The phrase can have two meanings, and Kolakowski makes it clear that he intends both: as a thinker he is consistently moderate, and moderately consistent. These are, presumably, admirable qualities in a philosopher who very clearly does not suffer from delusions of omniscience. Thus, in a discussion of Karl Jaspers, Kolakowski muses that "perhaps it is the call of philosophers to reveal crises instead of curing them." The non-philosopher, however, is justified in asking for at least the suggestion of a cure, and perhaps also for a bit more consistency even at the expense of moderation.

Kolakowski argues very cogently, for instance, that religious faith is possible only on the basis of a conviction of truth, not on the basis of the insight that religion satisifies certain needs, either collective or individual. A Durkheimian sociologist might conclude that religion is wanted for social order, a Jungian psychologist that religion springs from profound needs of the soul, but neither of these proposi-

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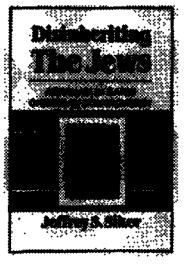

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tions can lead to an affirmation beginning with the words, "I believe." Having said this, Kolakowski then proceeds to show how a sense of the sacred is a powerful foundation for an understanding of limits—limits to any profane order, limits to the human power to change reality, limits especially to the lunacies of utopianism, including those forms of utopianism which have created such havoc and misery in our century.

"To reject the sacred," Kolakowski writes, "is to reject our own limits. It is also to reject the idea of evil, for the sacred reveals itself through sin, imperfection, and evil; and evil, in turn, can be identified only through the sacred." This is certainly a correct proposition. But what if one is honestly not capable of gaining, or regaining, a sense of the sacred? Surely one cannot regain such a sense simply because one needs it as a defense against utopians. Is not Kolakowski repeating, here, precisely the error he repudiated earlier, the error of proposing the necessity or the functionality of faith without making an affirmation of faith?

The notion that evil becomes meaningless without a religious view of the world is further developed in the essay, "Can the Devil Be Saved?" Here Kolakowski suggests in effect that if the devil did not exist he would have to be invented. Without God, as Dostoevsky warned, everything is permitted, and the modern age with its murderous utopianisms has proved Dostoevsky right. Kolakowski writes that an appropriate metaphor for this age would be "the biblical legend of Nebuchadnezzar, who was degraded to the condition of a beast when he tried to exalt himself to the dignity of God." *Ergo*: "There are reasons why we need Christianity, [although] not just any kind of Christianity."

In the final passage of this essay, in discussing which religious and political creeds we should or should not espouse, Kolakowski uses the word "need" eight times and the words "not need" three times. Broadly speaking, his is a creed of moderation, imbued (again) with a sober knowledge of limits. But do this God, this devil, and this Christianity that we allegedly need—"a Christianity that is not gold, or purple, or red, but gray"—carry with them the warrant of binding truth, or are they too to be understood as "biblical legends" on which we, somehow, depend? In short, when it comes to religion one wants to know more unambiguously, more consistently, just where Kolakowski stands.

If a certain inconsistency flaws Kolakowski's intermittently brilliant observations on religion, when he gets to politics it is the moderation that irritates. In the passage I have just referred to, Kolakowski tells us that in addition to a "gray" Christianity, we also need "the living tradition of socialist thought." His is, to be sure, an anti-utopian, anti-totalitarian socialism, but it is socialism all the same. Yet why, after all we know about socialism, do we have this particular "need"?

Kolakowski cannot be accused of harboring any illusions about the "real existing socialism" from which he escaped to the West. Nor is he at all impressed with Western varieties of socialist utopianism; the third volume of his history of Marxism contains a devastating critique of these creeds. Nor is he anti-capitalist, at least if one understands capitalism as being synonymous with a market economy; he writes that "the abolition of the market means a gulag society." What, then, is the "socialist tradition" that we allegedly need? In a short piece entitled "How to Be a Conservative-Liberal-Socialist," Kolakowski tells us: to be a "socialist" is to believe that there should be limits to the pursuit of profit, that not all forms of inequality are inevitable, and that in a democracy, social controls over the economy are "to be encouraged" even if the cost may be a certain increase in bureaucracy.

If *that* is socialism, then everyone other then the most pious follower of Ayn Rand is a socialist. Surely Kolakowski must know this. So why is he intent on claiming the label? Residual utopian nostalgia? That hardly seems possible. Affection for the genuine moral impulses of many who have called themselves socialists? Perhaps. A desire not to offend *too* deeply the sensibilities of the conventionally Left milieu of Western academia? Whatever the motive, these passages are grating.

Kolakowksi is indeed a moderate, philosophically as well as politically. He embraces more than he repels. In religion, one wishes that he would embrace a little more, in politics a little less.

Sacred and Profane

RABBINIC FANTASIES: IMAGINATIVE NARRATIVES FROM CLASSICAL HEBREW LITERATURE. Edited by DAVID STERN and MARK JAY MIRSKY. *Jewish Publication Society. 364 pp. $27.50.*

Reviewed by DAVID G. ROSKIES

The movement to modernize Jewish culture, which goes back roughly to the 18th century, has always proceeded on parallel lines. Along with the radical impulse to uproot and supplant the classicial forms of Jewish self-expression—legal debate, synagogue sermons and poetry, sacred tales and lives—there were attempts from the beginning to repackage the past and thus not to scrap but to change the system from within. Early advocates of the Enlightenment in Jewish Eastern Europe, even while attacking the religious establishment head-on through parody, satire, and programs for social and educational reform, also composed sermonic tracts, Bible commentaries, letter-writing manuals, and almanacs for a new, enlightened age. Indeed, the pantheon of modern Jewish culture is occupied precisely by those writers, artists, and intellectuals who found creative ways to destroy and to rebuild at one and the same time. In Yiddish, Mendele Mokher Seforim, Sholem Aleichem, and I.L. Peretz; in Hebrew, Hayim Nahman Bialik, M.Y. Berdyczewski, and S.Y. Ag-

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non managed not only to reverse cultural priorities but to do so in the name of tradition itself.

Perhaps the most effective strategy adopted by these radical traditionalists was the selective retrieval and editing of traditional narratives. Early in the century Bialik, aided by his colleague Eliezer Ravnitsky, assembled the disparate legends and bold biblical retellings scattered about the Talmud and midrashim into a *Book of Jewish Lore* (*Sefer ha-Aggadah*). Consistent with Bialik's bravado, this book, published first in Hebrew and later in Yiddish, was designed to stand *for* the source: to become a definitive reading and folk encyclopedia of the rabbinic imagination. In Berlin, meanwhile, the ever-rebellious Berdyczewski, whose Hebrew pen-name was M.Y. Bin Gurion, was hard at work on a Hebrew and German edition of medieval Jewish legends that stressed the great diversity and underground heresy of the folk. His crowning achievement was *Mimekor Yisrael*, a multilayered compendium of post-biblical Jewish lore and demonology.* Here in America, the anthologizing impulse took on a decidedly academic slant when Louis Ginzberg "retold" the oral traditions of the Bible in one sequential narrative, then appended a magnificent scholarly apparatus to these *Legends of the Jews* (1909-38).

Rabbinic Fantasies borrows something from each of these modern "inventions of tradition," though without much self-awareness. Like Berdyczewski, David Stern and Mark Mirsky want to expose the zany, irreverent, sexually explicit side of "normative" Judaism within a changing historical and geographical landscape. But like Bialik and Ravnitsky, they somehow believe that this countertradition is really "rabbinic"—hence their title. Like Ginzberg, they respect the achievements of Jewish scholarship and aim to present a carefully edited and fully annotated text. (In some cases, as with Martha Himmelfarb's rendering of *Sefer Zerubbabel*, or Stern's own translation of "The Legend of the Ten Martyrs," the English is the best available version in any language.) Driven by these disparate agendas, the editors have combined mainstream Jewish faith-narratives under a single banner with highbrow literary experiments that were never meant for plebeian consumption. Though it makes for an attractive package, what is rabbinic in their anthology turns out upon closer inspection not to be fantastical, and vice versa.

Like "literature," "liturgy," and "history," fantasy is another of those Hellenistic terms that can be applied to classical Judaism only with great effort. Stern admits as much in his introduction but then draws a firm line between "true histories," which have been excluded, and the "imaginative fic-

* This work was published in English in a three-volume set in 1976 and is newly available in an abridged and annotated edition prepared by the late Emanuel Bin Gurion and by Dan Ben-Amos, Indiana University Press, 512 pp., $57.50.

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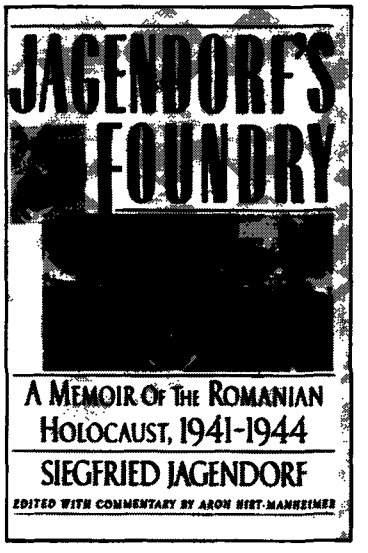
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tions" here brought together for the first time. If we allow, for argument's sake, that premodern Jews had a concept of "history," then "The Legend of the Ten Martyrs" would surely rank on top of the list. Jews most certainly believed—despite contradictory evidence in the Talmud itself—that these ten rabbis were martyred together during the Hadrianic persecutions just as they believed that one of them, Rabbi Ishmael the High Priest, attempted to avert the evil by ascending to heaven to plead the Jewish cause. How else could this mini-epic have entered the high point of the Yom Kippur liturgy (albeit in poetic form)? Or take the "Two Narratives About God," translated by Stern from the Midrash on Lamentations. When, in July 1942, Rabbi Kalonymus Shapiro of Warsaw invoked the striking image of God weeping over the destruction of the Temple as it appears in that Midrash, it was to prepare his flock for the imminent destruction of the Warsaw ghetto, not to entertain them with flights of rabbinic fancy. Jews lived and died by these "fantastical" texts. Where then does imagination end and history begin?

Just as the imaginative status of some of these narratives is open to question, so is the rabbinic provenance of others that might indeed qualify as fantasies. The case that Stern and Mirsky make, despite their title, is that Hebrew literary creativity was never limited to authorized rabbinic circles. Popular folklore, esoteric traditions, and courtly entertainments flourished both above and below ground throughout the 1,700 years documented by this volume. Some works, like the extremely naughty "Alphabet of Ben Sira," enjoyed a kind of monastic notoriety of the sort celebrated by Umberto Eco in *The Name of the Rose*. Others, like the learned satires in rhymed prose by Solomon Ibn Saqbel (12th century?) and Judah Ibn Shabbetai (1168-ca. 1225) were hardly known outside the courts of medieval Spain. Because of widespread Jewish literacy, however, and universal access to Scripture, the Jewish imagination obeyed no class or clerical distinctions.

It is Scripture, in the end, that holds all these texts together. The measure of their greatness is not the degree to which they defy the strictness of biblical monotheism or deviate from the precise wording of the Hebrew Bible, but the way in which Scripture becomes the warp and woof of every image, episode, and phrase. Scripture so thoroughly pervades this book that direct quotations are identified by the editors *in situ*, allusions are explicated in the notes, and archaic diction is used throughout to convey the biblicized style. Indeed, probably no other anthology offers the English reader such a fluent but at the same time scripturally responsible rendering of classical Hebrew literature.

MODERN Jewish rebels and reformers discovered a powerful formula for cultural renewal that the editors and translators of this anthology demonstrate as well. The lasting revolutions in Jewish consciousness take place not by invention but by reinvention. Through subtle shifts in emphasis, the mixing of the sacred and profane, through reappropriations of biblical words, phrases, and prophecies, it is possible to read the inscrutable present in the light of the revealed past. With sufficient knowledge of the Hebrew Bible and the Hebrew language, it is even possible to rewrite that past in the light of the present.

The New Stalinology

STALIN: THE GLASNOST REVELATIONS. By WALTER LAQUEUR. *Scribner's. 383 pp. $24.95.*

STALIN'S WAR AGAINST THE JEWS: THE DOCTORS' PLOT AND THE SOVIET SOLUTION. By LOUIS RAPOPORT. *The Free Press. 318 pp. $22.95.*

Reviewed by LEON ARON

IT DID not take the January crackdown in Lithuania, or the reimposition generally in the USSR of a repressive state machinery, to demonstrate to most people there that even today, 38 years after the dictator's death, the Soviet Union is the house that Stalin built. For those still seeking to demolish that house, rather than to redecorate it, exorcism of Stalinism is not mainly, or even largely, a moral chore so much as it is a political one. As a member of the Moscow City Council told a Washington *Post* correspondent last year, "The rebirth of our country is not possible without the same process that took place in Germany after the war—de-Nazification. We need de-Communization."

Exorcising Stalinism means, first and foremost, finally saying what happened. Small wonder, then, that, as Walter Laqueur notes in his new book, "Since *glasnost*, Russians have not stopped talking about Stalin." One of the first samplings of this "talk" has been gleaned by the indefatigable Mr. Laqueur from his voluminous reading of Soviet books and periodicals, and is presented with the thoroughness and mastery we have come to expect of him.

In the accelerated course in Stalinism taught in recent years by the Soviet mass media, the most powerful and recurring theme has concerned the scale of terror. While the estimates of the shot and starved in camps and "collectivized" villages have varied, few now are below 20 million, with the highest at 40 million. It is instructive to compare these estimates with, on the one hand, the figures for political murders in prewar Nazi Germany (several thousand) or Italy throughout the entire Mussolini reign (a few dozen) and, on the other hand, with the figures of Stalin's victims arrived at by Western "revisionist" historians: tens of thousands (Jerry Hough, George F. Kennan) or thousands (J. Arch Getty).

The most dramatic chapter in the story of *glasnost* began in the spring of 1988 in the Kuropaty Forest near Minsk, where, in digging a trench for a gas main, an excavator found a human skull and two pairs of shoes. Shortly thereafter, in the same area, digging trenches for a military game, two high-school

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students found the remains of thirty more people. All the skulls had a round hole, usually in the back. Soon, the remains of thousands of bodies were found, arranged in neat layers with ten inches of sand between them. So far, the official estimate, based on the already discovered graves, is 30,000. Byelorussian activists put the number of those killed in the area between 100,000 and 300,000. Following Kuropaty, other secret burial grounds began to be discovered: Bykivnia near Kiev (see Marco Carynnyk's article, "The Killing Fields of Kiev," in the October 1990 COMMENTARY); Golden Mountain near Cheliabinsk in the Urals; the Zhitomir highway near Kiev; the Glukhaya hill near the Khabarovsk-Vladivostok railway. . . .

While unearthing such literal evidence of terror is and will remain among the key preconditions of de-Communization, only a thorough analysis of the origins of Stalinism, its whys and hows, may yet provide a barrier against a recurrence of the scourge. And here, compressed by decades of forced muteness, the geyser of *glasnost* has already spewed forth jets of uncommon height, clarity, and brilliance. Some have been captured by Mr. Laqueur in the last, most interesting, third of his book. Still more are on display in a collection of articles published in Moscow in 1989 and available, unfortunately, only in Russian.*

WHY Stalin, why Stalinism? In answering this question, post-1987 *glasnost* has gone far beyond what was said during the period of Khrushchev's "thaw." For Stalinism is now traced not to Stalin, not even to Lenin, but to such cornerstones of "progressive" European thought as Marx and Rousseau. Thus, Vasiliy Selunin, who in May 1988 (a geological era ago!) fired the first shot at Lenin in a magnificent essay, *Istoki* ("The Roots"), sees the foundation of Stalinism in the elimination of private property. Igor Kliamkin takes Selunin's argument to a higher level of generalization, postulating a strong causal link between the horrors of Stalinism and Marxist theory; to Kliamkin, Stalin was inevitable because a society based on a "noncommodity" economy, as envisioned by Marx, could be maintained only by violence. Alexandr Tsipko, the author of a celebrated four-part exposé of Soviet Communism, sees in Stalin not an aberration, but the personification of a notable, if not indeed the dominant, trend in the history of the Left.

These speculations help explain some otherwise puzzling historical behavior. Where, for instance, were the old "iron Bolsheviks" when Stalin was methodically building his monstrous version of "socialism"? Why did they not stop him? For one thing, note the contributors to the *Osmyslit'* collection,

* *Osmyslit' kul't Stalina* ("To Comprehend the Cult of Stalin"). Moscow: Progress Publishers (1989).

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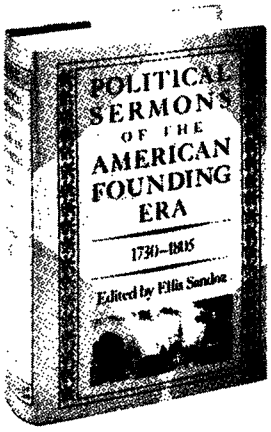

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brutality was bred into Bolshevism by Lenin himself, and it was thus only a matter of time before Lenin's notorious metaphors—"Judas Trotsky," "agents of the bourgeoisie," "traitors to the working class"—would acquire, in Stalin's cruder hands, their literal, lethal meaning. True, the original Bolsheviks were vehemently against the "cult of personality." Yet the "Leninist guard" joyously accepted another cult: that of a one-party state and of all the instruments needed to keep it in good repair. When Grigory Zinoviev said that ten million citizens of Soviet Russia were lost to the cause of the revolution and must, therefore, be annihilated, was he not speaking for virtually the entire Leninist guard?

Did, then, the Bolshevik aristocracy want "famines, purges, total surveillance, total sycophancy woven of daily lifesaving lies and sincere fear?" asks a contributor to *Osmyslit'*. The answer: "Of course not. What they wanted was to survive, to save themselves. And the rest was the price they paid." Yuri (Georgiy) Piatakov, whom a dying Lenin singled out as one of the party's top six leaders, not only readily accepted the NKVD's invitation to be a star witness in the show trial of his former friends, colleagues, and comrades-in-arms in the anti-Stalin "Left" opposition; not only demanded in *Pravda* to "destroy without mercy the despicable murderers and traitors" Kamenev, Zinoviev, and their co-defendants, but volunteered to execute the condemned, among whom was his former wife. (His own turn came a month later.) And Nikolai Bukharin, the darling of Western revisionists, a few months before his own arrest in February 1937, made it known to Stalin how "terribly glad" he was that "the dogs [Zinoviev and Kamenev] have been shot."

The new "Stalinology" is exposing not just villains and cowards, but true heroes as well. There was, for example, Bukharin's first wife, Nadezhda Mikhailovna Lukina. Paralyzed and bedridden, she did what neither her illustrious husband, nor Lenin's wife Nadezhda Krupskaya, nor the entire doomed Soviet military brass dared to do: she resigned from the party by sending back her membership card. Lukina endured thirteen months of torture before execution. And as the George Bernard Shaws, Lion Feuchtwangers, Henri Barbusses, Paul Robesons, Romain Rollands, Theodore Dreisers, Luis Aragons, and countless other "progressive" Western intellectuals sang hosannas to the "world of the future," and the "Leninist guard" crawled at Stalin's feet asking forgiveness for past sins, Martimian Riutin, a former worker and district party secretary, wrote a manifesto for which he would pay with his life:

> The whole country is muzzled, and lawlessness, tyranny, and violence hang over the heads of every worker and every peasant. . . [Stalin and his clique] will defend their supremacy in the party by lies and calumny, firing squads and arrests, cannons and machine guns, because they consider the country their domain.

WHAT about the main protagonist, Stalin himself? Judging by the first yields, the investigation of Stalin the man is among the most promising avenues of the new Stalinology. The son of a washerwoman and village whore—between 1917 and his death in 1953 Stalin came to see his mother only once—and a drunken cobbler who mercilessly whipped his only surviving child and was killed in a brawl when Iosif was eleven, the Soviet dictator was well-prepared for the role he chose for himself. Role is the proper word. A lover of theater, particularly of lavish operas, and a generous Maecenas to the Bolshoi and the Moscow Art Theater, Stalin was a supremely successful actor, director, and, of course, stage manager.

He oversaw, for instance, the minutest details of the show trials, reportedly even ordering that the doomed defendants be served tea with cakes and lemon. Having put the actors through numerous rehearsals—there reportedly were *four* dress rehearsals of the Bukharin-Rykov trial, each thought to be genuine by the defendants—he observed the premiere through a thinly draped window above the stage. "One could see from the hall," recalls a witness, "a little smoke behind the drape, clearly from a pipe." (The Western reviews were excellent, with Lion Feuchtwanger noting that the procedure "looked more like a discussion than a criminal trial, a discussion of educated people seeking to establish the truth, conducted in the tenor of a friendly chat.")

Seven years later, in 1944, a more complicated play was staged for an American delegation headed by Vice President Henry Wallace, who arrived on a fact-finding mission to Kolyma in northeastern Siberia. The ninth circle of the *gulag* hell, Kolyma was a huge permafrost grave for hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of *zeks*. In his great *Kolyma Tales*, Varlam Shalamov writes that a horse, a barrow, were by far more valuable there than a human life.

Days before the visit, Ivan Nikishov, the head of the local area of the gulag, returned from the Kremlin where the director-in-chief had personally given his instructions. Following Stalin's orders, the barracks were repaired and for the first time in a decade the prisoners were given new bedding, pillows, and civilian clothes. A barber was sent in, the watchtowers with their machine guns were removed. Wallace was shown a greenhouse full of fresh vegetables for "the workers" and a pig farm staffed by well-fed prison administrators posing as prisoners. To crown it all, the Americans were treated to a real ballet. (So many dancers had been arrested that practically every area of the gulag had its own troupe.) Following the visit, the expert accompanying the delegation, Professor Owen Lattimore of the Office of War Information, inveighed against the horrors of czarism, welcomed the changes brought by Soviet power, and commented on the "high sense of civic duty" he discerned in Nikishov.

STALIN the actor-director was abetted by Stalin the historian. His fascination with Ivan IV (The Terrible), whose initials I.V. (Ivan Vasilievich) matched his own (Iosif

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Vissarionovich), is freshly documented in the *Osmyslit'* collection. Stalin commissioned Sergei Eisenstein to do the film *Ivan the Terrible,* and upon its release invited both the director and Nikolai Cherkasov, who played Ivan, to the Kremlin, where for several hours he commented in minute detail on the movie and gave instructions for the second part then in the making.

Ivan IV was more than an inspiration to Stalin, he was a model. Ivan sought to become not just the supreme ruler and military commander of Russia but its supreme spiritual authority as well. Under Ivan's guidance, the so-called Hundred Heads Council adopted rules regulating every aspect of Russian existence, from the proper style of icon painting to how to shave and drink.

The technology of political struggle developed by Ivan deeply impressed Stalin. For example, in February 1570, following a false report that the city of Novgorod was aiming to switch allegiance to the Polish king, depose Ivan, and place Prince Vladimir of Staritza on the throne, Ivan put the city to rout and over a period of five weeks drowned in the Volga 500, 600, sometimes 1,500 people *a day.* Some of Ivan's murderous rituals entered Stalin's arsenal as well. Thus, before heads were cut off or bones broken on the wheel, a clerk stood next to the condemned "traitor," reading from a long scroll the list of his offenses; *mutatis mutandis,* these practically coincide with those read to Stalin's victims in Moscow almost 400 years later. In another eerie coincidence, in the last years of Ivan's rule the czar commenced a struggle against the "rotten beliefs" of the West.

STALIN the man was central to the story of the Soviet Jews. Until the last five years of his life, however, their story was marginal to him. Unlike Adolf Hitler, the one-time ally he so much admired, the Soviet dictator was not initially preoccupied with the Jews either doctrinally or in practice. Nor were the Jews his major victims, either in absolute numbers or even relative to their size. Volga Germans, Karachai, Kalmyks, Balkars, Chechens, Ingushi, Crimean Tatars, and other officially designated "traitor peoples" lost far greater proportions of their population to Stalinist terror. Before 1949, the relative salience of Jews among Stalin's victims was due not to any special targeting but to their high representation among the Soviet political, economic, and cultural elites methodically decimated since 1937.

By all evidence, Stalin's anti-Semitism, unlike Hitler's, was not homegrown: his birthplace of Gori was in an area where Jews had lived peacefully alongside Georgians for more than 2,000 years. This and other facts are pointed out by Louis Rapoport in *Stalin's War Against the Jews: The Doctor's Plot and the Soviet Solution.* Rapoport, who works for the Jerusalem *Post,* has written a book typical of journalists attempting to tackle a "serious" subject: breathless, analytically weak, relying almost exclusively on secondary sources, abounding in mistakes, yet entertaining and full of memorable details. The photographs are especially interesting, some published for the first time.

If Stalin's Judeophobia was not "native," the seeds *may* have been planted during his five years in the Tiflis Theological Seminary, staffed with notorious Russian Orthodox anti-Semites. More likely, however, Stalin's anti-Semitism was part of his socialization into the intensely anti-Semitic milieu which would become his power base in the party: semi-literate ethnic Russian and Russified Ukrainian party functionaries, first-generation urban "proletarians," the milieu of future Khrushchevs and Brezhnevs. The contour of things to come surfaced, briefly, after Lenin's death in 1924, when Stalin argued against Kamenev's remaining at the head of the Soviet government on the grounds that a Jew should not lead a "peasant" land. Yet it was not until almost a quarter of a century later that the bells began to toll for Soviet Jews *as a group.*

On January 13, 1948, the great Yiddish actor Solomon Mikhoels, the chairman of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee (JAC), was murdered. Created by the secret-police chief Lavrenti Beria for Western

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and especially American consumption, and to help the Soviet effort in World War II, the JAC included the most prominent Soviet Jews, many (but not all) of them loyal Stalinists: the leading Yiddish writers David Bergelson and Leib Kvitko, the Yiddish poet Peretz Markish, Stalin's pet propagandist Ilya Ehrenburg, the novelist Vasily Grossman, the violinist David Oistrakh. A year after the murder of Mikhoels, most of the other members of the Committee were arrested and in August 1952 several were executed. Such was the prelude to the making of a potential Soviet holocaust.

On January 13, 1953 a front-page article in *Pravda* announced the arrest of nine Kremlin "doctor-saboteurs," six of them with Jewish surnames. Mercilessly beaten (two of the nine died in jail), the doctors soon confessed to poisoning and mistreating various Soviet luminaries. Amid a vicious anti-Semitic campaign in the Soviet press, several dozen prominent Soviet Jews signed an "Open Letter" asking the government to protect the Jewish people—by deportation to the "developing territories" of Siberia, Kazakhstan, and the Far East, where barracks were already waiting. The letter was to appear in *Pravda* after the "doctor-saboteurs" had been publicly hanged in Red Square.

One can only guess what finale Stalin intended for the Jewish drama he was writing, but it is unlikely he would have indulged his personal feelings of anti-Semitism unless and until they fit into the larger political mosaic he was never tired of rearranging. Thus, the first outburst of state anti-Semitism in 1949, coinciding with the early stages in the cold war, may have been part of a general effort to exorcise the memories of Soviet-American cooperation during the war, of which the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee had been a conspicuous component. In 1953, by all indications, Stalin was after something much grander: perhaps a new Great Purge, which would engulf his closest associates or, some suspect, even World War III.

Be that as it may, Stalin's death on the day of Purim, March 2, 1953, saved the Jews. The anti-Semitic campaign stopped abruptly and, a month later, the seven doctors who were still alive were freed—after they swore never to tell what they had been through.

As in every production mounted by Stalin, the long-running Jewish "play" featured major roles for members of the U.S. intelligentsia as well, and they performed excellently. In the early, rosy days of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee, Itzik Feffer was an object of particularly intense adulation by American "progressives." A mediocre Yiddish poet (in one of his verses he had written that he drank "happiness from Stalin's cup"), an NKVD agent (code-name "Zorin"), and deputy chairman of the JAC, he had been sent to the U.S. in 1943 to keep an eye on Mikhoels during a propaganda tour. Less than five years later he cooperated with the secret police in the murder of Mikhoels, and subsequently was the only defendant in the secret trial of the JAC leadership to testify against others.

This did not save Feffer himself from prison, however. When the fellow-traveling American singer Paul Robeson, seeking to put an end to "malicious anti-Soviet calumny," asked Soviet authorities to let him see Feffer, the poet was brought from Lubyanka prison to Robeson's bugged suite at the Metropol hotel. In a scene skillfully reconstructed by Louis Rapoport, a fattened-up Feffer appeared in a fresh shirt and tie supplied by the NKVD. By jotting down a few words and gesticulating, Feffer managed to tell Robeson the true story of Mikhoels's murder, the arrest of the JAC leadership, and his own likely execution. In parting, the two friends embraced, tears in their eyes, and proceeded on their ways: Robeson to sing in Tchaikowsky Hall where he would tell his Soviet audience about the "joy" of meeting Feffer again, Feffer to Lubyanka never to be seen again. After three and half years of torture, Feffer and the others were shot in the basements of the Lubyanka and Butyrka prisons, but their American peers, preoccupied with the trial of the Rosenbergs, and with the spectral threat of anti-Semitism supposedly being generated by it in the United States, were too busy to notice.

The initial finds of Soviet Stalinology, although they are rich in new detail, and of immense significance in the USSR, present few true surprises for the serious student of the Soviet Union. Major revelations will have to await the time when Stalin's personal archives, as well as those of the Cheka-GPU-NKVD-MGB-KGB and the Central Committee, have been thrown open. In the meantime, however, steadfast scholars of Stalinism like Robert Conquest, Richard Pipes, Adam Ulam, Walter Laqueur, and others, who for decades labored against immense difficulties in gathering data, and, since the 1960's, against the unrelenting hostility of their peers in the academy and the elite media, can take pride in seeing how fully this fledgling Soviet historiography confirms their key findings and theories.

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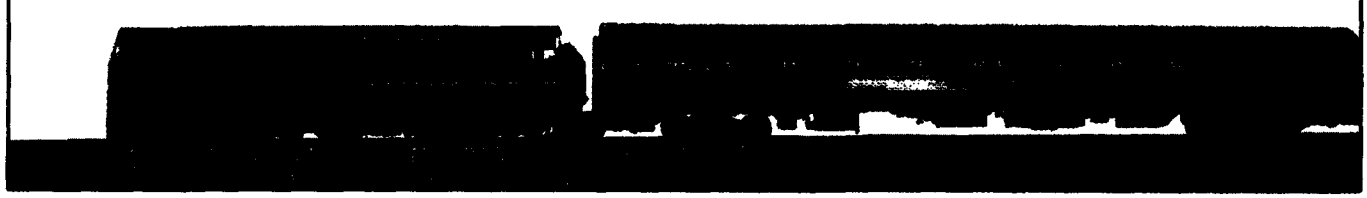

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